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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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(TRADE MARK)

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L.T.-COL. C. E. PANET, DEPUTY MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

(Topley, photo.)



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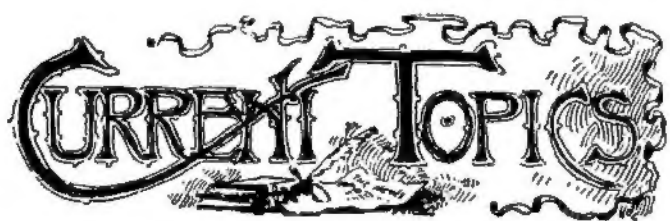
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The article in the last number of the *Week* on "The Library in Education," should be read by all persons who are concerned in the classification of books and the turning of printed knowledge to the best account. Notwithstanding many improvements in the methods of imparting instruction, books are still an invaluable aid to the student. Works of reference in our days are of far greater utility than they used to be in former generations, owing to the pains taken both by the writers and the publishers to make them trustworthy. Whether they treat of history, of science, of art, of commerce, of manufactures, or of any of the branches into which these subjects are subdivided, the utmost care is exercised in rendering the information full and satisfactory. There is no department of knowledge on which rich stores of gathered facts have not been placed at the disposal of the earnest inquirer. But to make them always and readily accessible—that is a task for the trained librarian. The present system of library administration is, compared with the old, a virtual revolution. In England a new era began with the reforms of Mr. Edward Edwards, whose works extended the desirable propaganda through the range of civilization. On this continent men like-minded sympathized and coöperated with the movement, and the illustration furnished by Mr. Iles of the new *modus operandi* shows how much has been gained since Mr. Edwards published his ideas of library economy. It is a practical lesson of great value, to which all who are interested in library work will thank us for calling their attention.

The death of Mr. Charles Gibb, which took place at Cairo on the 8th inst., is a grave loss to this province—to the whole Dominion. How much his personal friends have parted with their own hearts will tell them. Mr. Gibb had a richly and rarely endowed nature. Seldom, indeed, have this world's goods been bestowed on one so worthy, morally and intellectually, to administer them for the benefit of the community. The most unassuming of men, Mr. Gibb united in his character qualities not often found in conjunction. Kind-hearted and generous, he was, at the same time, thoroughly practical. Possessed from his birth of ample means, and enjoying exceptional social advantages, he was accustomed from his childhood to high thinking and noble endeavour to realize it. After leaving college and spending some time in travel, he asked himself how he could employ the talents entrusted to him in a way that would develop his own gifts, keep his mind sound and his body healthful, and also be of service to the rest of the community. He fixed

his choice, happily for this province, on horticulture, and more especially fruit-raising. And what his head and hand found to do, he did it with all his might. The Horticultural Society of this city is indebted to him for much of its progress. He suggested, and was mainly instrumental in, the publication of the yearly report, and set the example of contributing special papers, based on actual experiment. The series of proceedings since 1876 would be much reduced in bulk and value if Mr. Gibb's share were taken away. His visit to Northern Europe, and especially to Russia, with Prof. Budd, had results of great significance to our fruit-growers. It was the first attempt to apply the common-sense theory that, in choosing new varieties, those of like climate should have the preference. Previously what little had been done in that direction had been done at random. The pains that Mr. Gibb took to make his tour fruitful to his own country are revealed in every page of his unpretentious but precious record. He resolved to make a like inquiry in Japan, and was on his way home when, to the surprise and grief of all who knew him, his death was announced. But that was only one phase of his beneficence. He went about doing good and his works do follow him.

The last number of the *Commercial* is almost entirely devoted to a *resumé* of recent progress in Manitoba and the North-West. The first portion deals with railway construction, and the *Commercial* is certainly justified in qualifying the record of 1889 as a "splendid showing." It appears that 411 miles of new road have been ironed and 119 miles graded during the past year. This gain is distributed among the North-West Central, 50 miles; the Northern Pacific and Manitoba, Portage branch, 55 miles; the same line, Brandon branch, 145 miles; the Canadian Pacific, Souris branch, 20 miles, and 30 miles graded; the same line, Carman extension, 6 miles; the Manitoba and North-Western extension, 25 miles graded; the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan, 120 miles and 34 miles graded; the Manitoba South-Eastern, 20 miles graded; the Winnipeg (within the city limits), 10 miles graded; the Port Arthur, Duluth and Western, 15 miles. This last line, though geographically in Western Canada, is politically within the boundaries of Ontario. It is usually and naturally associated with what we have been accustomed to regard as the North-West—that is, Canada beyond Lake Superior—rather than with a province, the inhabited parts of which are separated from it by a great inland sea and a long stretch of unoccupied country.

The people of Manitoba and the Territories cling hopefully to the Hudson Bay Railway, and decline to accept the adverse decisions which the mercantile community of Eastern Canada has pronounced on it. "That it will in time be built," says the *Commercial*, "is not the least doubted by Manitobans, whose faith in the route is about as sure as it could be in any enterprise. Upon the opening of this great route, the development and prosperity of this country in a large measure depends, and all other railway enterprises are considered but of secondary importance when the Hudson Bay road is included. This road has been before the people for years, but the progress made has not yet been very much." Our contemporary does not seem to have any definite information as to the present position of the undertaking, but "many believe that the prospects are good for

the placing of the scheme in a practical shape to continue construction before long. Perhaps during 1890 the work of building the road may be undertaken in good earnest." We heartily agree with the *Commercial* that the railway development of recent years reveals unbounded faith in the future of the country.

By an Order in-Council the North West Territories were in 1882 divided into four Districts: Assiniboia, with an area of 95,000 square miles; Saskatchewan, 114,000 square miles; Alberta, 100,000 square miles, and Athabasca, 122,000 square miles. These Districts, generally known as the Territories, were given representation in the House of Commons by an act which was assented to on the 2nd of June, 1886. The act has since then been frequently amended, but it was only to be expected that further changes would be necessary as settlement advanced. A measure is now before the Senate, the chief aim of which is to substitute in the Territories a Legislative Assembly for the mixed Council. It is proposed that it should consist of twenty-two members, elected by the people—three legal experts being appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor to aid and advise in the preparation of bills. Its duration is fixed at three years, and it is to make laws on direct taxation for territorial revenue purposes, on prison administration, on licenses, the solemnization of marriage and other matters of a private and local character. Certain powers enjoyed by the other provinces are still withheld, for reasons deemed in the circumstances sufficiently valid.

There are two clauses of peculiar interest in this measure for the organization of the North West. It is provided that either the English or French language be used in the debates of the Assembly, in the courts and in the printed records, etc., until after the next general election, when the Assembly will be free to regulate its own practice in this respect. By the existing law the manufacture, sale or possession of spirituous liquors is prohibited, save where special permits have been obtained. In the Senate bill it is provided that no change shall be made in the liquor laws, and that the powers conferred on the Legislature with relation thereto shall not be exercised till after the next general election, when the people shall have an opportunity to express their opinion on this important question. That in the course of time the four North-West Districts will be placed on the same independent footing as any of the older Provinces, may be taken for granted, but as yet the population is not large enough for sub-division or the devolution of entire control as to lands, loans, etc. The present measure marks, however, a step forward in that direction which must give satisfaction to all who are interested in the progress of new Canada.

Mr. Ira Cornwall who, as ever, is unwearied in well doing, sends us some welcome information touching the next St. John (N.B.) Exhibition, which will be opened on the 24th of September next. The Exhibition Association, formed of leading citizens, have acquired large permanent buildings and spacious grounds—including a fine speeding course—and are making ample and satisfactory arrangements for the accommodation of a large number of visitors. The committees are all organized and at work, and their exertions have already been fruitful in many ways. Among the new features of peculiar interest will be an exhibit of West India Islands products—the outcome of



the new line recently inaugurated with such success. The Maritime Provinces will show to the best advantage—efforts being made to have a comprehensive display of the products of the mine, the soil, the forest and the fisheries. Each of these departments will form an exhibition in itself and the utmost pains will be taken to illustrate worthily the great and varied wealth of Maritime Canada. Mr. Cornwall's little handbook, published some years ago, was a revelation of the value of the New Brunswick forests from an industrial standpoint, which astonished those who had not given the subject attention. In connection with the fisheries department, specimens of the apparatus and appliances in use will illustrate the *modus operandi* by which so many thousands of our fellow-citizens gain their subsistence. In fine, the enterprise is in good hands, and we do not fear to assure our readers that it will be worthy of both the Maritime Provinces and St. John. The secretary (Mr. Cornwall) will be happy to satisfy all inquirers.

### OUR INDIANS.

The last Report of the Department of Indian Affairs contains a good deal of interesting information as to the population, condition and prospects of the aboriginal tribes in the Dominion. By the latest census or estimate they number 121,520 souls—there being 17,752 in Ontario, 13,500 in Quebec, 2,599 in Nova Scotia, 1,574 in New Brunswick, 314 in Prince Edward Island, 24,522 in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, 35,765 in British Columbia, and the remainder being scattered through Rupert's Land, Labrador, the Peace River, Athabasca and McKenzie districts and the Arctic coast. The races represented in this population are diverse. In the older provinces the tribes and bands belong almost wholly to the Algonquin and Huron-Iroquois families. The Treaty Indians of the North-West are also largely Algonquin. The Sioux pertain to a stock of which the great bulk resides south of the frontier. The more remote northern and western tribes are mainly divisions of the great Athabaskan, Tinné or Dené-Dindjie family, and stretching along the Arctic coast are the Esquimaux, generally regarded as distinct from the Indians. The majority of the Indians of the old provinces are Christian, and fairly civilized and industrious. In Ontario, however, there are still 885 pagan Indians. In Quebec the religion of a considerable number is unknown, but most of these are probably pagan. In the Maritime Provinces they seem to be all Christians. Of the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, 12,504 are pagans. The dwellers in Eastern Rupert's Land, Labrador, the Peace River, Athabasca and McKenzie districts and the Arctic coast are probably mostly pagans, though missions have been established at several points in the vast northern region. The Indians of the West Coast, Fraser River, Kamloops, Cowichan, Okanagan, Kootenay and North-West Coast Agencies have been evangelized to a considerable extent. In the Cowichan Agency there seem to be no pagans. Of the 1,900 Indians of the Kwakwaka'wakw Agency, on the other hand, only 274 are set down as Christians. For four bands, numbering in all 12,296, no agencies have as yet been established. A good deal has been done both by the Government and the various religious bodies to supply

the Indians with opportunities of educating their children. The numbers of pupils attending school last year was 6,459. Of these 2,036 are ascribed to Ontario; 528 to Quebec; 123 to Nova Scotia; 94 to New Brunswick; 19 to Prince Edward Island; 453 to British Columbia; 1,170 to Manitoba, and 2,036 to the North-West Territories. In industrial education, which is what the Indians most need, considerable progress has been made. The most successful system of training for young Indians is that of the boarding-house, by which they are dissociated from the injurious influences of their own homes, brought in contact with persons of exemplary habits and taught the usages of civilized life. The application of this plan is sure to be attended with good results. Industrial institutions of this kind have been established in the parish St. Paul's, near Winnipeg; at Regina, at Kamloops, at Kuper Island (Strait of Georgia), and near Fort Steele, in the Kootenay district; and like training schools are about to be put in operation in the districts of Keewatin and Alberta. In Ontario their usefulness has been fairly tested. Of the whole number of pupils 5,759 are enrolled on the lists of the 215 day schools; 593 on those of the 10 industrial schools, and 107 on those of 6 boarding schools. The reports from many of these institutions are hopeful; some of them extremely gratifying. At Muncey both farming and mechanical trades are taught by foremen skilled, not only in their handicrafts, but in imparting instruction. The apprentices take pleasure in learning, and look upon their daily tasks in the workshop as recreation rather than as labour. The farm has succeeded, not only as a training-ground, but as a financial enterprise. This establishment is about to be enlarged. One of the newer industrial schools is that of Metlakatla, of unhappy memories. The principal, Mr. Scott, seems to have won the confidence of the boys' parents, though at first they were not in love with his methods. They wanted something that would yield them prompt and visible advantage. The trades taught are coopering, carpentering, gardening and boat-building, but as yet only a bare beginning has been made. The young people are tractable and seem contented. Father Eugonard's school at Qu'Appelle is a good instance of what may be done with the children of the North-West Indians, when they are removed from the unsettling native influences. It was uphill work at first. Not only were the parents reluctant to leave their children in the institution, but some of the boys were enticed away. Nearly all the truants came back, however, and now fifty-six of them are learning carpentry, blacksmithing, baking, farming, etc., as well as the usual branches of education. There is also a girl's school, with 72 pupils, who learn not only to read, write and cipher, but to sew, to knit and do all kinds of housework. At Brantford there is a normal school where Indian girls are trained as teachers. The Rev. Mr. Wilson's institutions at Sault Ste. Marie are, it is almost needless to say, fulfilling their mission of usefulness. The Superintendent (the Hon. Mr. Dewdney) insists on the importance of the boarding system, and from its extension the best results may be expected.

As to changing the habits of the adult Indian it is virtually impossible. The most that can be done is to offer him inducements to improve his condition, and to keep him out of the way of temptation. This is not easy. In spite of all pre-

cautions traders occasionally sell them the liquor that maddens them, and the consequences are sometimes deplorable, even fatal. For two centuries and a half this has been a crucial question in Indian administration, and it is still the great problem. One measure has worked well in helping to prevent breaches of the law—the employment of Indians as police. For years this has been found a most effective policy in the United States agencies, and its worth is being beneficently tested in the North-West. The Indians, made constables, feel their importance and the responsibility that rests on them. On the whole, an improvement has been observed in the *morale* of the North-West Indians. They are becoming resigned to a settled industrious life, work on the farm is growing in favour and volume, and their own manufactures—"scarfs, mitts, socks and stockings—show marked improvement in shape, finish and the selection of colours." They are, in several localities, becoming more tasteful in their dress, and more regardful of personal cleanliness. This desirable change is, of course, only seen in those communities that are in contact with civilization, and yet enjoy safeguards against its corruptions. The Superintendent seems to think that, in spite of pessimist prophecies, our Canadian Indians are not decreasing. The enumeration in the Report, compared with that of the last census, shows an increase of some 20,000. As to the far northern tribes, only an estimate is possible. It might, however, be reasonably expected that, with the advantages of industrial training and religious instruction so freely offered, and the consequent elevation in the moral tone of the Indians, and improvement in their habits, there would also be a more general immunity from disease, more inclination to marry, and larger and healthier and more tractable families. At any rate the Superintendent's Report gives no ground for the belief that, as this generation has seen the "last bison," it may also pay its tribute of unavailing regret to the last representative of the aboriginal races in the Dominion.

### THE ETRUSCAN CIST.

The word *cist* was a common term employed by the Greeks and Romans to designate every species of basket or box; originally a Greek word, it passed without transformation into the Latin. At first the *cist* would seem to have been a basket or box made of willow and intended for country use for holding vegetables or fruits; like our own affairs of this sort, it was sometimes round and sometimes square. From this limited use the word came to apply to boxes and caskets of all sorts. We find them represented very commonly on medals and coins and in pictures; they hold the money of a private person or of a society; they were used for carrying manuscripts or papyri; votes were deposited in them; they were the precursors in the sacred mysteries of the *pyx* or box which guards the wafer on the altar of the Roman Church, but their most usual employment was a domestic one; they held the toys of children and small articles of the toilet.

There have been found in them all those objects which made up what the ancients call the woman's world—*Mundus Muliebris*; mirrors, hairpins, combs, perfume bottles, sponges, pomade boxes, and the rest. It is by no means uncommon to find ivory dice in these boxes, and indeed the miscellaneous contents of the modern feminine work-box, which is the analogue of the boy's pocket, are often prophesied, as it were, in these ancient receptacles.

The *cists* that have come to us are found in tombs, and by far the greater number of them have come from the necropolis of Præneste (Palestrina) or its neighbourhood, where they are found inclosed in the sarcophagi, or in the small boxes made of tufa which served to hold the bones and ashes gathered from the funeral pyre. Sometimes the *cists* themselves contain bones; this was not their purpose; it was merely an occasional employment dictated by convenience. We owe the preservation of many of these objects to the fact that they were of bronze, but it is possible that many more may be lost to us from having been made of the osier twigs that were the material of the original baskets.—*The Studio*.

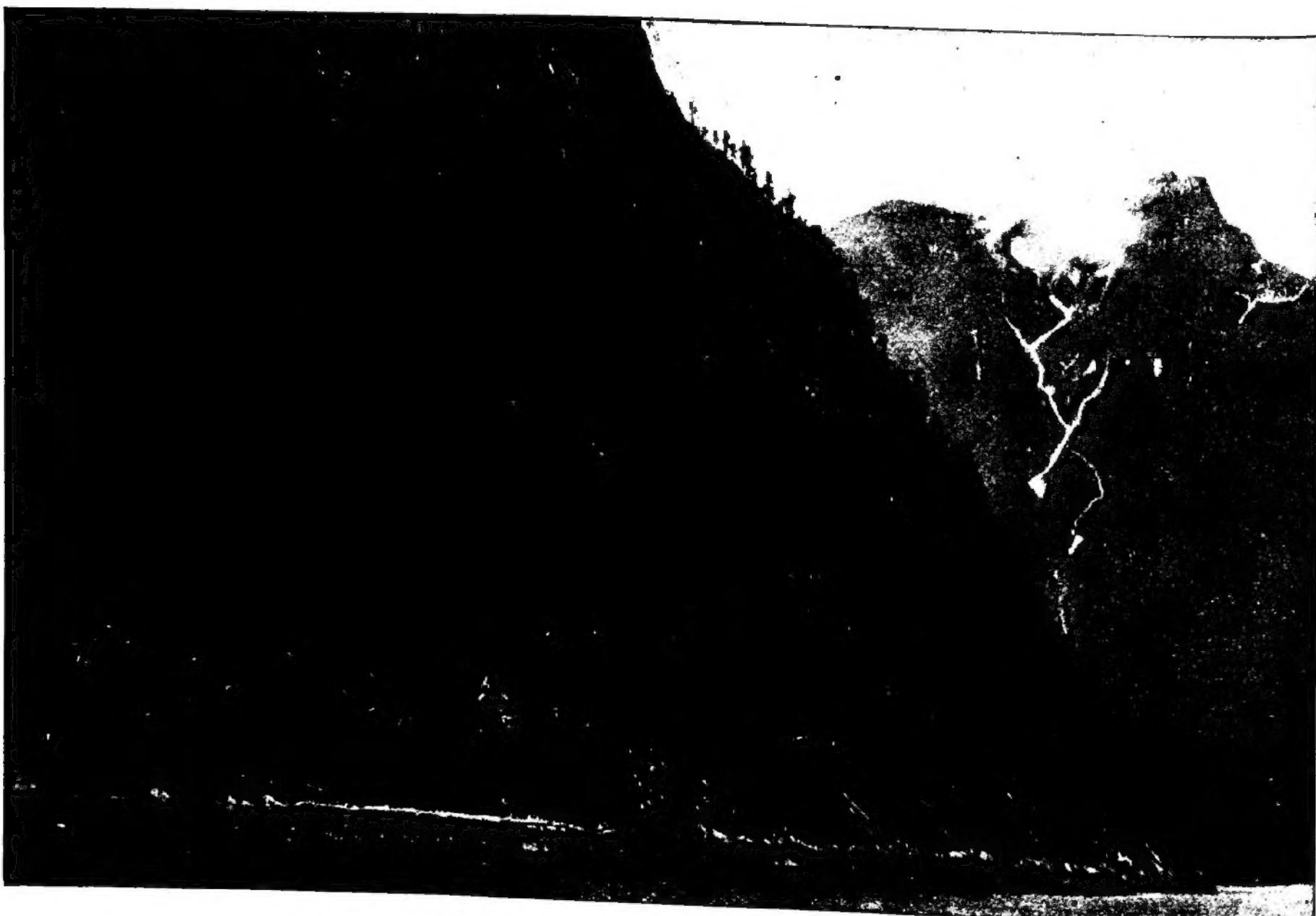




HON. DAVID REESOR, SENATOR FOR KING'S, ONT.  
(Topley, photo.)



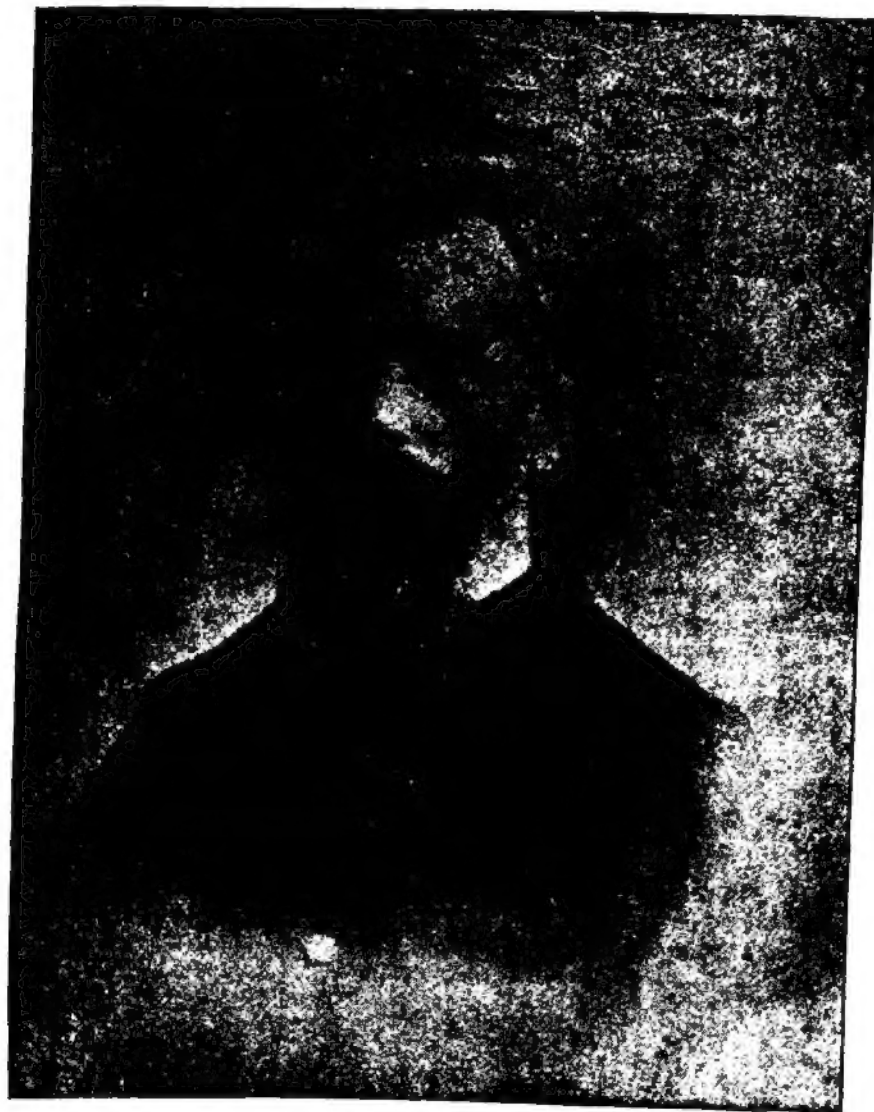
HON. C. A. P. PELLETIER, SENATOR FOR GRANDVILLE, Q.  
(Topley, photo.)



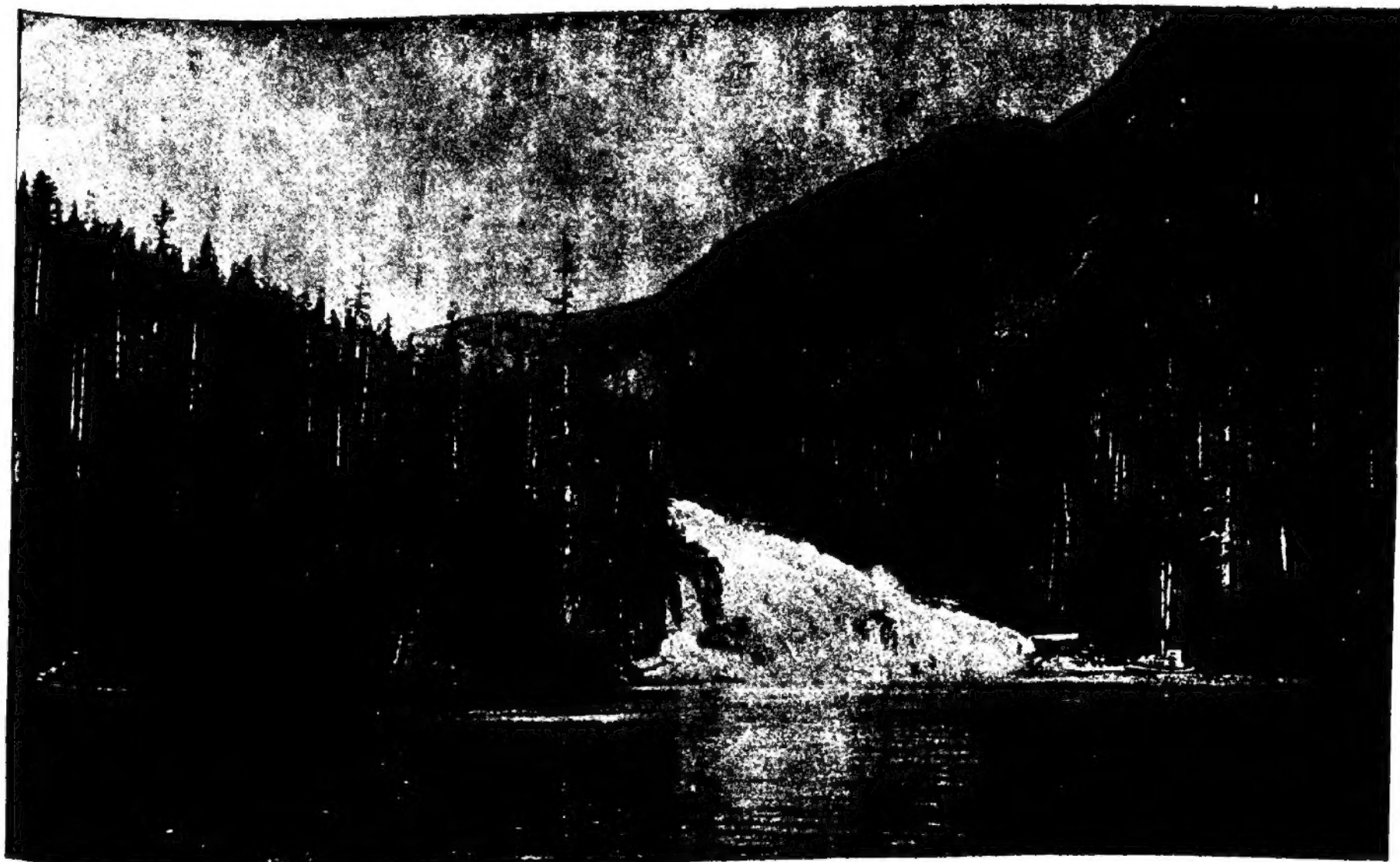
BELLA COOLA RIVER, N.-W. COAST, B.C.  
(Maynard, photo.)



HON. PETER MITCHELL, M.P., FOR NORTHUMBERLAND, N.B.  
(Topley, photo.)



W. G. PERLEY, M.P., FOR OTTAWA.  
(Topley, photo.)



THE WE-TZIN-OTZA, N.-W. COAST, B.C.





**COL. CHARLES EUGENE PANET, DEPUTY MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.**—Colonel Charles Eugene Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, was born in the city of Quebec on the 17th November, 1830. He was educated at Quebec Seminary. His first wife was Miss Lussier, and the second a daughter of the late Hon. R. H. Harwood, and the third the relict of the late Dr. Edward Lindsay, of Quebec. After completing his collegiate education, Col. Panet entered upon the study of law, and, having passed the necessary examinations, was called to the Bar of Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, in 1854. At an early age Col. Panet took an active interest in militia matters. For many years he had command of the 9th Battalion, or Voltigeurs de Quebec. In 1880 he retired, retaining his rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the close of the North-West rebellion in 1885 he was made a full Colonel. For fourteen years he was coroner of the city of Quebec. He sat in the Senate of Canada for La Salle division from March 1874 till February, 1875, when he resigned to accept the position of Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, the head of the department then being the Hon. W. B. Vail.

**THE HON. DAVID REESOR, SENATOR, ETC.**—This gentleman, who has long been a leading figure in Canadian public life, is of German descent. The founder of the family in the new world was a Mennonite minister, who emigrated from Mannheim to Pennsylvania in the year 1737, in charge of a colony that settled in Lancaster, County. The original homestead—a farm of 300 acres—is still in the possession of the family. Pennsylvania Reesors settled at Markham, U.C. Christian, the Senator's grandfather, and his son (Abraham, the Senator's father) and three brothers being among the immigrants. It was in Markham that Mr. David Reesor was born on the 18th of January, 1823. His mother was also of Pennsylvania German stock, her name being Dettwiler. She survived her husband (who died in 1832) until 1857. Senator Reesor's early years were passed on his father's farm, and the industrious habits which he then formed were an admirable qualification for the more enterprising duties of a merchant, manufacturer and journalist, which were the next stages in his career. In 1856 he began the publication of the *Markham Economist*, a Reform journal, which he edited with recognized ability until 1868, when he sold out the business. Senator Reesor has filled many local offices of responsibility and usefulness. He has been a magistrate since 1848, a notary public since 1862, a member (in 1869 Warden) of the Council of the United Counties of York, Ontario and Peel, and secretary and treasurer of the Markham Agricultural Society. To his efforts, while serving as school trustee, Markham owes the establishment of its grammar school. Since 1866 he has been Lieut.-Col. of the Reserve Militia. In all these and many other capacities Senator Reesor has never spared himself when the public interest was at stake, and many local improvements were set afoot through his thoughtfulness and energy. In politics he has been alike public-spirited. He represented Kings division in the Legislative Council of United Canada from 1860 till the inauguration of the federal régime, when he was called to the Senate of the Dominion by royal proclamation. As a member of the Methodist Church, Senator Reesor has extended opportunities for doing good, and he has been president of the Markham Bible Society. In February, 1848, he married Emily, eldest daughter of Mr. Daniel Macdougall, of St. Mary's, Ont., sister of the Hon. Wm. Macdougall C.B., P.C., by whom he has five children. Dr. Colburn, of Oshawa, and Mr. J. M. Holmes, of Toronto, are his sons-in-law.

**THE HON. C. A. P. PELLETIER, SENATOR, Q.C., P.C., C.M.G.**—The Hon. Charles A. P. Pelletier was born at Rivière Ouelle, P.Q., where his father was a merchant, on the 22nd of January, 1837. His mother was a sister of the late Rev. C. F. Painchaud, founder of the College of St. Anne. Having taking his degree of B.C.L. at Laval University and studied law, Mr. Pelletier was admitted to the Bar in 1860, and soon won distinction as an advocate. In 1879 he received his silk gown. He has, with Mr. Baillargé, Q.C., held the office of City Attorney of Quebec; has been thrice elected president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of that city, and has been Major of the 9th Battalion, well known as the *Voltigeurs*, which he commanded during the Fenian raid of 1866. In 1869 he was elected to represent Kamouraska in the Federal Parliament, was re-elected in 1872, and again by acclamation in 1874. He was also for a time a member of the Quebec Assembly, while the double mandate was in force. In 1877 Mr. Pelletier was invited to a seat in the Executive Council of the Dominion, taking charge of the portfolio of Agriculture in the Mackenzie Government. He discharged the duties of his department with credit to himself and advantage to the country, until the change of Ministry consequent on the elections of September, 1878. Shortly before he had been admitted to the Senate. He was President of the Canadian Commission for the Paris Exposition of 1878, and for his services was created a companion of the Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. In 1861 Senator Pelletier married Susannah, daughter of the late

Hon. Charles Casgrain, M.L.C., but that lady dying in 1862, he again married Virginie, daughter of the late Hon. M. P. de la Sales La Terriere, M.D. In private life Senator Pelletier is held in high esteem, and has a large number of friends of all parties and creeds.

**THE HON. PETER MITCHELL, P.C., M.P., ETC.**—There is no figure in the House of Commons that is invested with greater interest than that which surrounds the member for Northumberland. For several years his independent attitude on public questions has given him the position and the name of the "Third Party." Mr. Mitchell is, indeed, a host in himself. He fears no man, and is the champion of his own cause, both in parliament and in the press. Like some of the ablest men in Dominion politics, Mr. Mitchell is from the Maritime Provinces. He was born in Newcastle, N.B., in 1824, whither his parents had come from Scotland some years before that date. Having studied law, he was called to the Bar in 1848, but early gave his attention to shipbuilding, which he carried on extensively. In 1856 he was elected to represent Northumberland in the New Brunswick Assembly, and held his seat until 1860, when he was made a member of the Legislative Council of the Province. This latter position he retained till the inauguration of the federal régime. He was a member of the Provincial Government from 1858 till March, 1865, when his party was defeated on the Union question. For years before the passage of the British North America Act Mr. Mitchell had been favourable to the federation scheme, as likely to advance the interests of all the Provinces. In 1861 and 1862 he was a delegate to Quebec in connection with the construction of the Inter-colonial Railway. In 1864 he was one of the members of the Union Conference, and in 1866 went to London to take part in the conference there for the completion of the arrangements. After the resignation of the Smith Cabinet in 1866, he was called, in conjunction with the Hon. R. D. Wilmot, to form a mini-try, in which he held the office of President of the Council. In 1869 he was one of those summoned by royal proclamation to the Senate of the Dominion, and in the same year was invited to take charge of the Department of Marine and Fisheries in the first Dominion Cabinet, and discharged the duties of that position with credit to himself and advantage to the country until the retirement of Sir John Macdonald's Ministry in November, 1873. He had already resigned his seat in the Senate and had been returned by acclamation for Northumberland at the general elections of 1872. In 1874 he was re-elected, but was defeated in 1878. In 1882 he was once more returned by his old constituents, and since that date has continued to represent, with acceptance, the interests of Northumberland County. For a number of years Mr. Mitchell has been proprietor of the *Montreal Herald*, one of the leading journals of this Province. In 1870 the Hon. Mr. Mitchell published "A Review of President Grant's Recent Message to the United States Congress Relative to Canadian Fisheries and the Navigation of the St. Lawrence River," an able review of the question indicated in the title. Mr. Mitchell is married. In private life he is very popular.

**THE HON. W. D. PERLEY, SENATOR.**—This gentleman is one of a group of enterprising and successful business, professional and public men who, on the opening up of the North-West, transferred their *penates* thither to give the new country the advantage of their knowledge, initiative and energy, while at the same time benefiting by its manifold resources. He is a son of the Hon. W. E. Perley and a native of New Brunswick, having been born in Sunbury County in that Province in 1838. In 1882 he entered politics as the candidate for the representation of his native county in the Conservative interest, but met with defeat at the hands of Mr. Charles Burpee. In the fall of the same year he moved to Manitoba, and soon after took up land near Wolseley, where he built a fine hotel, and determined to make his home in the North-West. Almost immediately he assumed a position of prominence, his farm and ranch at Wolseley being one of the finest in Assiniboia. He was returned in September, 1885, to the North-West Council for Qu'Appelle as associate member with Mr. Thomas W. Jackson. In that body he was recognized as an able speaker, and won popularity and influence with his colleagues. In October, 1886, he resigned in order to present himself as a candidate for the representation of Assiniboia East in the House of Commons, and at the general elections of March 15, 1887, he was elected by a majority of 726 over his opponent, Mr. J. H. Dickie. His appointment to the Senate early in 1889 was hailed with satisfaction in the North-West.

**BELLA-COOLA RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—In this engraving our readers have a typical example of the shores of the British Columbia fjords. It was taken at the mouth of the Bella-Coola river, which enters the North Bentinck arm. Although the shore is usually of this character it is often broken by precipices of from one to three thousand feet or more, of which an example of extraordinary grandeur exists on Knight Inlet.

**THE WE-TSIM-OTZA, OR BIG RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—The We-Tsim-Otza (Big River), is a waterfall entering the tidal waters of the Kestall, one of the British Columbia minor inlets. The Kestall was navigated last summer by steamer to a distance of about 30 miles from its parent, the Skeena Inlet, which it enters from the south. Above the present limit of exploration there is said to be a large river navigable for 50 miles or more by canoe. The We-Tsim-Otza was, when visited during last summer, the limit of exploration, it being only 15 miles distant from the Skeena Inlet. Above the fall we found a canoe cached,

and heard afterwards that the river is navigable about 40 miles, but has a very swift current. These remarks will be sufficient to show to the enterprising that fields of original exploration exist within easy reach of the tourist, and amid scenery of surpassing loveliness, and unequalled hunting grounds for both large and small game, and fish innumerable.

**HAMILTON ART SCHOOL.**—Our engraving on another page shows some views of the students of the institution engaged on a few of the different branches of art and technical study taught in the Hamilton Art School. A short account of this institution may be of interest to the readers of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. In the fall of 1885 Lieut.-Col. Gibson, M.P.P., made a speech, in which he advocated the establishment of an art school in the city of Hamilton, and pointed out of what great value such institutions were to the country, both to manufacturers and their employees. This had been proved in other countries, and it was no credit, he thought, to a manufacturing centre like Hamilton to be without a practical art school. The result was the immediate formation of an art association, forty gentlemen subscribing \$50 each, and several others agreeing to subscribe from \$1 to \$3 a year for three or four years. A young lady (Miss Banting) from Toronto was engaged to teach, but the numbers who joined the classes were more than she could manage, and it was found, moreover, that the pupils required a teacher with more technical knowledge than a lady could be expected to possess. In the spring of 1886 it was decided to advertise for a thoroughly qualified gentleman, trained in the South Kensington schools, and Mr. O. J. Ireland, then lecturer on practical drawing in King's College, London, was appointed. On his arrival in Hamilton he suggested leaving the Provident and Loan building for the Canada Life Building, in which rooms could be rented facing the north. In these rooms the young people of Hamilton have climbed up the range of art study from an elementary to a comparatively advanced stage. Mr. Arthur H. H. Heming, who is now a frequent contributor to this journal, worked away zealously till he obtained his certificates and was appointed assistant teacher in 1887. Lately the classes have increased, so as to require another teacher, Miss A. Dickson, as second assistant. Every branch of work is taught in a thorough manner, and pupils attend the school from all parts of the Province of Ontario. Last year, when the public library scheme was set afloat, it was decided to have quarters, if possible, in the new building, and in a few months the school will be located in the first specially built premises for art school work in the Dominion. The building will comprise life class room, antique room, lecture room, architectural, ornamental design and mechanical room, modelling and carving room, photographic room, principal's room, office, three cloak rooms and lavatories, and the museum of the Hamilton Association adjoining, the students being privileged to copy the specimens in the museum. The directors have been most liberal in equipping the school, and great credit must be given them for the time they have devoted to a noble work. Honour is particularly due to Lieut.-Col. the Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary (president), and Mr. W. A. Robinson (hon. secretary-treasurer).

**LOOKING DOWN VALLEY RIVER.**—We have already given a summary sketch of the interesting explorations of Kiding Mountain and Duck Mountain region, which Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, F.G.S., and Mr. D. B. Dowling carried on in the summer of 1887. Of their labours the photograph from which this engraving was taken was one of the results. The lowland country between the mountains is of great geological interest, and the surveys of the explorers were of economic as well as scientific importance. The view in our engraving gives a characteristic glimpse of the scenery of the great valley from which the river derives its name.

**UPPER RIDEAU FALLS.**—This engraving is the complement of the views which we gave some time ago of the Lower Rideau Falls in summer and in winter. The scene is familiar to tourists as one of the chief natural attractions of the vicinity of our Dominion capital.

**THE STAG AT BAY.**—This, one of Landseer's most famous works, calls for little comment, as the critical world has long since pronounced upon its merits. It is one of the compositions of his prime, having been painted in the height of his fame, when he was an academician of sixteen years standing. Landseer was humorous, pathetic, romantic, tragic by times, but he always managed to impart a tinge of human sentiment to the expression and attitude of his animals. That something of his own changeable moods should make itself felt in his pictures was almost unavoidable, so that his beasts and birds are, in a special sense, *sui generis*. They are not so much the children of nature as what Landseer wished them, perhaps believed them to be. His influence was, on the whole, humanizing and elevating, and all lovers of their in so many ways richly endowed "poor relations" owe him a debt of gratitude.

**THE OLD WINDMILL, LACHINE.**—As with all our old landmarks, there are various versions of the history of this venerable structure. As Mr. D. Girouard, M.P., has taken much pains to identify whatever is left, or was, till recently, left standing of "Le Vieux Lachine," we cannot do better than translate what he records in his interesting monograph thus entitled, under the heading of "Fort Rémy." "This fort," Mr. Girouard says, "must have been originally called the Fort of Lachine from 1671 until the arrival of M. Rémy, in 1680. The windmill that Jean Millot, *cessionnaire* of La Salle, built there in 1671 must have served the fort. M. Taillon (Vol. III, p. 354) says that it was constructed



of masonry in the form of a tower, of the usual height of windmills, and was calculated to be used as a redoubt. It was, like all these latter structures, surrounded by a palisade. It cost fifty crowns. Millot abandoned it to the Seminary on the 2nd of September, 1673, as a responsibility beyond his means. The Seminary remunerated him for his outlay." What, if any, are the relations between Fort Rémy and the later structure, we are not informed. These windmills, once scattered over the Province, formed a pleasant link between the prosaic but prosperous present and the romantic but perilous past. They have now become rare features in the landscape.

## THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

### DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF THE VARIOUS STATES—CANADA.

#### II.

The historical development of the Dominion of Canada is a unique exception to the manner in which other countries have mounted the slippery paths leading to national power and prosperity, or flashed athwart the pages of history, only to fall back in a brief space of time to the position of insignificance from which events for some short period may have lifted them.

Explored and colonized in part by brave, persevering and hardy Frenchmen; conquered from the Indians and redeemed to civilization in Quebec and Acadia by the sons of France; settled in Ontario by the patriotic United Empire Loyalist and British emigrant; colonized in Manitoba by the hardy Scotch pioneer, this Canada of ours has been in its early history the scene of constant struggle and turmoil.

We see the romantic figure of the Indian silently and hopelessly fighting against fate, and his gradual but complete conquest, and almost extinction, at the hands of the British and French settlers in this and the American colonies; the continuous and bloody struggles between the two great nations which so long battled for the possession of a continent, and the final defeat of the one and the British conquest of Canada. Then follows the pact of peace between the two nationalities, typified by the joint monument in the old city of Quebec, and proved by the battles of 1812.

Since then we can trace the slow but sure building of a nation, not by fusion, but by cordial agreement between two distinct races to work together for certain mutual aims and common interests. And here is the fact which makes our national development so peculiar: A large body of people, ceded as a result of war, by their Mother Country to a foreign and previously hostile nation, growing up side by side with settlers of that nationality and under the same flag; protected in their privileges and liberties by British law; fighting for the preservation of those rights and their allegiance to the flag of another race; and, finally, entering a federal union with English-speaking people and working with them in the advancement of the welfare of a common country.

Confederation was the seal of this agreement and the only possible outcome of a national development, which is still continuing. The progress of Canada in a material sense has, however, been as great as its development, from an historical point of view, has been peculiar. A few figures in this connection may be pardoned, introduced by way of contrast, with the following quotations from the famous Annexation Manifesto of 1849:

"Without available capital, unable to effect a loan with foreign states, or with the Mother Country; crippled and checked in the full career of private and public enterprise, this possession of the British Crown—our country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbours, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay."

#### EXPORTS IN 1868 AND 1888 RESPECTIVELY.

Fisheries	\$ 3,357,510	\$ 7,793,183
Agricultural products	12,871,055	15,436,360
Mines	1,447,857	4,110,937
Forests	18,262,170	21,302,814
Animals and their products	6,893,167	24,719,297
Cattle (1874)	751,269	5,012,713
Cheese	617,354	8,925,242
Manufactures	1,572,546	4,161,282

The business of the country has developed in

the same proportions, as the few additional figures will show.

	1868.	1888.
Discounts, chartered Banks	\$ 50,500,316	\$ 173,185,812
Bank notes in circulation	8,307,079	30,444,645
Deposits in chartered Banks, Savings Banks and Loan Companies	38,127,847	182,974,007
Letters and postal cards	18,100,000	96,786,000
Miles of railway	2,522	12,292
Fire insurance	188,359,809	633,523,697

Many causes have combined to create this great development of internal prosperity—the increase of population, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the inauguration of the National Policy, the union of the provinces, and the growth of inter-provincial trade and a knowledge of the commercial requirements and abilities of the various parts of our Dominion, and of late years a continually increasing appreciation of our importance and resources both in the Mother Country and the United States.

This brings us to the all-important question of our national destiny. Some ten years ago an English member of Parliament, dealing with the political aspect of the problem, wrote as follows:

"They say that Canada is in the slack water between two great tides of life and having little part in either. The national life of America—youthful, tumultuous and energetic, brimming with hope and purpose—sweeps surgingly past her. The national life in England, mighty in heroic tradition and strengthened by the wisdom of ages, flows on its stately course, little heeding the smaller eddies that circle by its side."

Their can be little doubt that Canada is rapidly reaching—if she has not already arrived at—the cross-roads of her national fate. Finger-posts are pointing in three different directions, and guides are to be found who are willing—nay, anxious—to lead her in one or the other of the directions pointed out—Annexation, Independence or Imperial Federation. A change is certainly imperative. No nation of the growing importance of this Dominion can long remain in leading-strings and retain either its own self-respect or that of others. A change of allegiance, however, is a very different matter, and the advocates of annexation of independence have to face the fact, that for good or ill the indifference which Great Britain so long manifested towards her colonies, has given way to an earnest and enthusiastic appreciation of their growing greatness and a visible determination to draw the union closer and maintain the connection. This being the case, separatists in Canada have to face the necessity of creating a cause, or reason, for hostile secession. The Mother Country will not give that cause as she did in the case of the United States, and, therefore, the terrible alternative meets them face to face of a rebellion against the Empire without adequate cause, excepting, perhaps, a desire to obtain certain fancied commercial advantages by union with a foreign state. And if, by the help of the American Republic, separation were ever to be brought about, or supposing it to be possible that annexation should be peaceably effected, what would be the position of this Dominion?

I venture to say that it would be summed up in the words "indelible disgrace." A nation which had forsworn its allegiance to sovereign, flag and constitution; which had repudiated its connection with the greatest empire in the world, and sought refuge from possible responsibilities and present difficulties as well as an increased market for horses and barley, by giving up its country to a great people to the south, and stepping down from its place amongst the rising nations of the world to be a laughing-stock in the eyes of all patriotic peoples. In the second place, the sought for commercial gain would be found a gigantic fallacy, and the hoped for financial results would be far from desirable.

The destruction of our national policy of protection would be extremely disastrous to the people at large—whether for good or ill. Manufactures have largely developed of recent years, towns have sprung up, cities have grown, many branches of American firms have been established in our midst, farmers have been given a home market for their

products, and capital has been encouraged to seek our shores. All that Canada needs in this connection is time.

It should never be forgotten that in years gone by the United States occupied the same position towards Great Britain as we now do with reference to the American Republic. The States had great undeveloped resources, hidden wealth, an agricultural people and vast tracts of unsettled land. Manufactures were few and the great bulk of industrial products came across the ocean. Protection was applied, and now we see innumerable mines and manufactures, an immense and continuous immigration, an unprecedented inflow of foreign capital, British manufacturers seeking the protected markets of the Republic by the removal of their plants, higher wages, lower cost of production by means of increased wealth, and a prosperous self-supplying, and, in many cases, largely exporting people. So it is in Canada. With a steady, determined policy of protection, and a continued "pushing" of our interests abroad, will come wealthy manufacturers, cheapened production, higher wages, larger industrial centres, and a better and safer market for our farmers.

Annexation would mar this hope, and more, it would render useless the many millions expended upon our national highway. Under free trade our commerce would naturally flow north and south, and the utility of our great lines of railway, now running east and west, as well as their value as a paying investment, would be practically destroyed. The adoption of such a policy would be followed by the destruction of Montreal as the great outlet of Canadian trade, and the establishment of New York as the industrial centre of what is now the Dominion. Ontario would be divided between Buffalo, Detroit and other cities, Toronto losing forever her present proud position. Our maritime trade, now the fifth largest in the world, would go the way of that once possessed by the United States, as no fleet of vessels could afford to long carry exports to Britain without bringing a return cargo.

Financially, our share of the government of the United States would be very nearly as great in amount as the cost of ruling ourselves, while the Canadian voice in American affairs would be comparatively small. I have dealt at some length with this question of annexation and American free trade, not because the former is in the slightest degree probable, but because the latter would so inevitably lead to such a result that it is impossible to consider one without the other.

Here it may be well to deal briefly with this question of Unrestricted Reciprocity, or whatever it may be styled, as being undoubtedly indicative of one of the under-currents in Canadian political thought. To a certain proportion of our population American trade, people, politics, and even institutions, have a peculiar charm. Contiguity to them is everything. Like Prof. Goldwin Smith, they are unable to appreciate sentiment; patriotism is to them an idle fancy; one country as good as another. To such people, therefore, the new Liberal doctrines appeal strongly.

It is useless to point out that as long as we accept British protection, insist on British help and support in our national difficulties with the States, and maintain Imperial connection, it would be gross dishonour to even ask permission to be allowed to discriminate against our own Empire. It is mere "sentiment," and if Britain refuses such a dishonourable and humiliating request, these people would be the first to cry out for separation. To such a class annexation would be welcome, and any commercial policy which might promise them individual prosperity would be acceptable.

The great heart of the Canadian people beats responsive, however, to a very different idea.

"True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory,  
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;  
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore,

A light among the nations, till nations are no more."

A consideration of the problems connected with the questions of Independence and Imperial Federation will have to be deferred.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.





THE ART SCHOOL, HAMILTON.  
(From a sketch by A. H. H. Hemming.)

1. Architectural and Mechanical Drawing.
2. Class Lecture.
3. Designing.

4. Modelling.
5. The Sketching Class.
6. Carving.
7. Drawing from Antique.
8. Etching on Copper.
9. Painting from Life.



THE UPPER RIDEAU FALLS, OTTAWA, IN WINTER.  
(Topley, photo)



# LUCY LAVERNE.

HER LIFE-STORY, AS RELATED TO ME ONE EVENING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY ANNIE MERRILL.

I have long been one of nature's lovers, and confess also that human nature has ever possessed a certain amount of fascination for me. I love to wander away alone that I may hold intercourse with trees and rocks; but it is with the waterfalls, which I find in the spring-time coursing and gurgling down the mountain side, that I stay and talk the longest, for there is nothing in nature which so holds me as the sound of water in motion; and sometimes, when standing beside the falls which break the peaceful flow of the beautiful winding Zanthé, I feel as though I were not alone, but that a mighty spirit speaks to me from the rushing waters.

Our village, though not enterprising, is much loved for its natural beauties. A mountain, which might fittingly be called a tree-covered plateau, rises away in the north, and is so wide in its extent that it serves as a protection from severe winter winds. Zanthé, a charming river, narrow and birch-bordered, flows through the village and affords excellent boating, its current being slow. The falls, of course, are a possible source of danger; but I have never yet heard of any one being carried over them.

Oh! if I were only a man, I have often thought, how I would wander away through fields and woods and float away over Zanthé. As it is, I often stray off to the forest, though not without my pet St. Bernard dog, which I call "Bernardo"; but he is, like man, of a roving disposition, and I find that he has left me, very often when I wish him most,—at one time, perhaps, when I think I hear Indians after me, who turn out to be white hunters, or at another when I am sure I hear rattlesnakes rustle the dead leaves. If I wished, I could be confident that the disturbance was caused by mischievous squirrels, with which the forest abounds; but there is a certain fascination about indulging the fancy that it is something to inspire terror in the breast of an unprotected woman.

My fancies were always of a peculiar nature, for I remember when a little girl of climbing up on the old nurse's lap and screaming, "Oh! the bears and wolves and lions are after me. Here they come! Don't you see? The room is full!" I thought her imagination extremely dull, for she flatly declared she did not see one; but immediately after said crossly, which I now see was very inconsistent, that if I did not quiet she would throw me down among them. It is certainly a brave act to frighten one's self with terrifying fancies when in strong arms and perfectly secure from any earthly harm, and, when I say earthly, I mean that lightning, a heavenly power, could destroy one even in the arms of a Hercules.

At another time, when I was fifteen or sixteen, I remember being chased by a large but equally harmless dog, who was bent on having a frolic with me; but to such an extent did I allow my imagination to carry me, that I sprang up into a tree and climbed up limb after limb, until safe from the disappointed dog, and, as I sat there looking down at him, fancied he was a huge lion just waiting and anxious to devour me; and then, as though a deliverer had been sent me, I saw a man coming towards the tree with shouldered rifle, but felt greatly mortified as he drew near to recognize in him the friend and tormentor of my girlhood days, Monteith Meredith, who I knew would make all sorts of fun of me.

Closer he came, and, when he looked up at me, it was with mischievous eyes. He always seemed to read my actions in a way that was provoking to me, and fearful lest he should guess why I had assumed the present attitude, I was busily planning an excuse, such as—that I had climbed up that I might obtain a fine view of the surrounding country; but, ere the words were uttered, he checked me by saying:

"Well, little girl, I suppose you have been pretending the bears were after you as usual."

"Certainly," I replied, perhaps too audaciously, "and I shall not descend this tree till they leave!"

He doffed his hunting cap, and with the remark "Be it so!" uttered contemptuously, tramped away, the dog at his heels, which I afterwards learned was his lately acquired possession.

Three years passed and a lovely afternoon came. The sun had sent its red gold shafts of light dancing merrily over Zanthé's rippled bosom as I floated away in my canoe "Hebe."

Alone with nature. How much that means to nature's lover! When they two understand each other and when no words are necessary to convey thought from mind to mind. Ah! those delightful moments. I could drift forever with the goddess by my side!

I closed my eyes and drifted—drifted—drifted—until I heard the rumbling and seething of the falls I knew could not be far away; but so happy was I that for more than a passing moment I felt as though I would love to be carried over, as though there would be only grandeur in such a death. On I drifted, never once opening my eyes until I felt a sudden whirl.

I was confident of being between two worlds, yet not a pang of regret had I at leaving earth; but the shock caused me to open my eyes, only to see that I was still some distance from the falls and my canoe stranded on the shore at Zanthé point.

Human nature seemed envious of nature's influence over me and tore me from her by grasping my canoe-head and drawing it up on the beach, for, when I looked, Monteith Meredith stood before me, horror strongly marking his features, probably because of my recklessness. He had been obliged to step into the water in order to reach me; but fortunately, having had on high hunting boots, no harm resulted.

Wherever I went and whatever happened, my old tormentor was on hand to tease me; but on this day he did appear to be in one of his teasing moods.

Human nature seemed to win an instantaneous power over me, for, not till that moment, as I looked up into a pair of thoughtful gray eyes, did I realize how much earth and her friends still meant for me.

Monteith's expression of alarm changed to one of great gentleness, as he told me of his little sister who had been ill for several days, for she was one of his idols.

"Will you come and see her?" he asked. "She is very lonely and said this morning that she wished I would bring you."

What could I do but consent, and—what did I wish to do?

He extended his hands that I might alight from the canoe, and I sprang away I cared not whither. Having drawn up my canoe where it would be hidden by willows, we began our walk towards his home, and, while we walked, discussed my possible and probable state of mind at the time of my blind rush towards death. He asked if I had been unhappy and intended ending my life. I laughed and explained that my life had been an exceptionally happy one, and that it was probably my great trust in nature and her movements which made me willing to follow wherever she led, even to transformation.

"Ah! but Miss Lucy," he said in reply, "does it not amount to selfishness when carried to such an extent? Have you not friends who need you?"

Even though Monteith provoked me when in his teasing moods, I felt more at ease with him, for, when grave and earnest, he possessed an amount of influence over me which made me angry, so I showed my desire to change his mood by endeavoring to quarrel with him. The quarreling was easy, though the changing was not.

"Might I not about as well be in the form of a spirit wandering through this sinful earth trying to exert a good influence over my 'friends of other days'—as is at least possible—as to stay by myself from year to year and seldom hold intercourse with any living soul besides mother and little sister, as some young man I know of does? Is it not the grossest selfishness when his society is sought after, and when he is actually begged to go out to dine or attend evening parties and do his share in making the usually dull evenings pass pleasantly? Is it not, I say, the height of selfishness to refuse to grant what these poor beggars ask?"

I was even surprised at myself—as was seldom the case—for becoming so heated, and felt that I was using an amount of reproach which would only be justifiable in one who had received a personal slight, whereas, on the contrary, I was talking to a young man who had even overlooked the absence of the formality—invitations, and had come to our place very, very often.

I watched his face as my words flew, and the only evidence that he paid any heed to my tirade was the ever increasing look of sadness there depicted.

"Oh! we are always quarrelling," he said, desperately, not replying to what I had said.

"Is it to be so always? I make resolves nightly that I will never disagree with you again, but when day comes and we meet, you excite the combative in my nature and compel me to say much that I afterwards regret. Come," he said, extending his hand and looking so noble, "shall we agree to end this discord?"

We paused under the shade of an old oak. I hesitated. It was a great temptation to lay my hand in his open palm, for what a difference that one act would have made in our future; but I loved freedom and independence dearly and resolved not to be bound under covenant to measure my words when speaking with any one, and especially one with whom it was so much fun to quarrel!

I ignored both the hand and the question, though it was hard, and said, as I gathered a handful of everlasting flowers which grew in the field we were passing through:

"Isn't it provoking that such sweet little innocent flowers should ever have been called *Antennaria plantaginifolia*?"

"I know of circumstances which are more annoying," he replied quietly, but just as effectively; "but you will not turn me from my purpose, even though you speak of a plant so terrifying as the Scotch thistle. I am not so easily baffled, little girl."

On he marched, fearlessly to lay siege to my heart; but I was not without my defence—a strong will. That was my protection, and it suddenly, as though by magic, made me able to steel my heart against the invader, and to all appearances I was as careless as one who cared nothing for him. Even though he had long ago won my combined respect and admiration, and though the siege was unnecessary, because the besieged had long before surrendered in effect if not by word, yet I was not willing to give up my freedom even for him, and though my heart was gone, I still retained possession of my hand.

The siege continued—"con furioso." Yet even at such an awe-inspiring time, I could not hide an amused smile as a mental picture of the practical side of married life arose mockingly before me. I saw myself standing in a small six by eight kitchen beside a rough board table. Clothed

in a worn print wrapper, the sleeves of which were rolled up to the elbow, I was busily engaged making bread, while at the open doorway knelt Monteith industriously chopping kindling wood.

The vision was altogether too ludicrous, and had the galls awaited me in the next field, I could not have repressed a laugh; but I quickly asked forgiveness for my rudeness, and lest he should think me irreverently laughing at his warm words, felt compelled to show him the funny picture, and our laughs mingled as we viewed it. Still undaunted, he took up the old thread.

"Do you love me, Lucy? Will you marry me?"

"Your first question I decline to answer. To your second I say no!"

The last clause I meant to be very emphatic, but Monteith looked as though he had won instead of lost, for I could detect nothing but contentment in his countenance, which sorely wounded my vanity, and he replied in the most provokingly indifferent manner:

"Very well, Lucy, be it as you will." And it was his turn to make an irrelevant remark, something about the daisies, I think.

This was my first proposal, and I had a half-formed idea that Monteith would faint when I gave him my answer, thus I was not a little startled at his cool way of viewing it; and suddenly something told me that perhaps he knew the real state of my mind and determined to have his revenge by never giving me an opportunity to change the monosyllable. So thinking that my fear might easily be correct I returned to the subject, that I might make him aware that I did not care so much for him as he imagined.

"You are very interesting to me. I find pleasure in studying your character and disposition, in the same way that I enjoy investigating the nature of plants; but do not spoil our delightful friendship by talking of love. Go in to society and be like other people and you will be still more interesting."

I was well pleased with myself when I ended that little speech, and felt certain the desired result would be obtained, but I saw instead indications of a storm.

"Like other people!" he replied, and once more became himself—natural, tease-loving Monteith.

"Are you like other people? You who have often been found literally talking to trees and clouds and smiling at their fancied replies, no doubt; climbing trees to escape tame dogs, and, to cap the climax, trying to commit suicide. Ah! young lady, are you like other people?"

I felt my defeat, and the only way to rise from it, I knew, would be to remind him gently that village gossips had gone even so far as to call him crazy, but I crushed the thought as being mean and contemptible, and reasoned that any way in such a place, among such narrow-minded people, great genius was considered but eccentricity, talent was barely tolerated, and any winged creature desiring to soar to some grand sphere of thought through such close and befogged atmosphere, would almost surely fall back to earth stifled. We were at the castle door, and it was probably no misfortune that our conversation ended.

A few days after, not in the least terrified by my recent narrow escape, I wandered off again in my canoe, and drew up after a time on Fern Island, a circular piece of ground out from Zanthé point, and well covered with ferns. I had not been there long when I heard Monteith's silvery call in the distance. It contained eleven notes and was the sweetest signal I had ever heard. I think it must have been original with him, for I had never heard it used by any one else; but I knew every note of it, since I had heard it so often from his lips sounding through the forest and across Zanthé. I sent back a signal certainly more original than musical, and Monteith was soon shooting towards the island in his canoe.

"Hurrah for a race, little girl," he called gaily as he neared me. He seemed in excellent spirits that afternoon, and I made haste to join him, as I felt just in the humour for the diversion he proposed.

"Choose your limits," said he, and when all necessary arrangements were made and bow stood beside bow, the canoes appeared to possess life and seemed restless to begin the race.

"One, two, three," said Monteith solemnly, and our canoes went bounding away.

I was gloriously happy. There is nothing I so enjoy as a race over the water. It is far ahead of even a gallop across the fields. I was too full of delight to notice that my position, high up in the stern of the skiff, was very perilous; and, as Monteith was fast leaving me, I made a great effort to regain my place. I was more excited than wise, and at one desperate plunge of the paddle my canoe, bow in the air, leaped away from under me, and I was thrown backwards into the water. I think I must have screamed "Help! Murder!" ere I went down, for when I arose to the surface, Monteith was beside me in his canoe, ready to dive if necessary.

I grasped the side of his boat with both hands, which nearly had the effect of upsetting it, and without making any effort to rescue me, the occupant sat coolly looking at me. At first you may think it cruel that he should leave me in such a position, but he knew the water was very warm, and must have seen by my face that I was enjoying the adventure even as much as the race.

I think it was my apparent indifference at my condition which so annoyed him. So, when he thought me in a position of dependence upon his mercy, he said to me as though he were my master:

"Once more I ask you: Will you marry me? Say yes, or—desperately—"stay in the water!"

I was too high-spirited to be forced into submission, and I hated being ruled, especially by one who had not the right. Should there be forever after forever for me, I would not forget how angry I was that moment at such a daring speech.

I felt my cheeks beat with rage, and I think he must suddenly have become afraid of me, for he looked a thousand times repentant already for his harsh words, and was, I am sure, about to retract and help me in the boat. But I had resolved on a greater victory than that would have been, and after my parting words, uttered with all the force I could command—"I'll do neither!" withdrew my hands, turned from him and swam ashore in front of my father's house, near which I was fortunate enough to have upset.

I stood exultant on the shore, turned and threw a mocking courtesy at my friend, and then hurried to the house, but not without stealing a look back through the trees at a bent form—the form of a man whose whole attitude expressed great pain, almost agony, and for a moment I felt a pang of remorse for my persistent coldness; but the next, elation was uppermost, when I remembered my victory.

If I had not won the race, I had won the battle, and the thought gave contentment. I quite lost thought of my canoe until I reached the house, but the remembrance did not make me the least uneasy, for I was confident that it would be brought ashore, and I was not wrong.

Monteith called the next morning to enquire after me and sent a note asking if I would come to the drawing-room, to which I sent back the answer—"Miss Lucy regrets (?) that on no account can she see Mr. Meredith to-day."

The following day, still undaunted, I went for another paddle, and not been in the water long till a familiar signal was wafted to me. This time I did not reply; nevertheless there was a canoe beside mine ere long. I was determined to remain angry with him, so I would not reply to his mischievous proposition: "Good afternoon, 'Miss Lucy.' Shall we have another race?" but turned my face quickly away that he might not see my amused expression as the scene of the previous day flashed before my vision, and I whirled my canoe in another direction.

For days and days which followed I passed Monteith without speaking; but even when I did not look directly at him, I could see a face full of mischief. I think he understood me better than I did myself, and seemed perfectly confident that he was gaining ground. There were times when I feared he would win the day yet, and the thought angered me, so in a rash moment I resolved never to speak to my tormentor again, my only safe plan. I made the resolve in the morning, wrote it on a slip of paper to make it more binding, locked it up in my private desk, and started for a roam in the woods.

I gathered daisies along the wayside, and ere I reached the forest sat down on a stone to arrange them. While thus busily assorting the flowers I heard footsteps sounding on the hard road, footsteps which I knew as well as my own father's.

Could I mistake that firm step? I answered never, and confessed solemnly that I could not much longer keep up this disguise, and if a certain little paper had been in my hands that moment it would have resolved itself into tiny particles, which the winds would have borne away.

As it was, I certainly could not speak to Monteith, I decided mentally, for "Loved I not honour more?" We shall see. He came steadily along the road and I bent low over the daisies.

On he came, and every footstep seemed to make my heart beat the louder, and I pressed my lips very firmly together.

He paused and stood before me! I could see every strong feature of that remarkable face without raising my eyes and the outlines of his fine athletic form. I lost control of my lips—they quivered; but I bent still lower.

Oh! what feelings can exist in human breasts, without those, ever so near, even dreaming that such emotions have being!

The moment I had awaited with dread came. He spoke. I knew I would be weak then, for his voice always thrilled me.

"Well, little girl, I suppose you have been pretending all these weeks that you are a princess and I a slave in your father's court. Is that so, Lucy?"

At any other time I would have laughed at such a speech, but it only had the effect of making me more serious, and the tears began to find paths down my cheeks. This showed him that my will was broken, and without waiting for a reply to the question, branched into a more important subject.

"Do you know why I love you so? It is because you have always avoided me. You are not like the other girls who seem ready to throw their charms at any and every well dressed young man, apparently never dreaming that such might be cast back at them, and if the thought did pass into their brains and out again, they would probably console themselves by reasoning thus: 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,' until at a tender age they would look about to find all the friends of their youth gone."

It was the first time Monteith had ever spoken to me of girls in general, and I was greatly interested. My admiration increased with each successive word, and my eyes, which had not looked at him till now, became riveted on his face, so noble, while he continued:

"Now, a man goes in search of a precious stone—a woman's wealth of affection. And which do you suppose

he would most desire?—the one which, as he journeys along the pathway, he sees glittering as though saying, 'Pick me up if you wish,' or the treasure buried deep in the heart soil and made doubly precious by being hidden from view, where it could not receive the stares of the common throng?"

"Has it not been ever so, that what is most easily obtained is least highly prized?"

"What a change there would be in earth if every young woman would walk about in society more carefully, saying by her manner, 'My affections are precious! They are not to be given at the first look or word of love, or tossed to the highest bidder in the crowd; but he on whom I shall bestow them must be a man who, by his pure life, stainless character and diligent efforts, shall win them!' Now, little girl, what say you? Have I not at least made the diligent effort? Is my reward ready?"

Notwithstanding the fact of that provoking, four-cornered bit of paper staring unceasingly at me, I improved the opportunity of changing the monosyllable!

THE END.

## UNANSWERED RIDDLES.

Somewhere! beyond the trackless light of stars,  
Beyond the blinding glare of the red sun—  
When life's full honeycomb has yielded all  
Its cells of gathered sweetness, one by one,  
And God's slow tonic, *pain*, its work has done,  
We then may know.

Why, all our life's vexed questionings were vain—  
Nor ever an answering echo reached the ear;  
Why death it's mystery kept, and sternly sealed  
The lips whose uttered word had made all clear  
Perchance, when next our ears that voice shall hear,  
Then we may know.

Know, too, why seeming good has been withheld—  
Why soul's whom fate divides, tho' one in heart,  
With mask of smiles on lip and aching brow,  
Doomed each to separate paths, must walk apart;  
But, when their roads converge—at death's fresh start,  
Then we may know.

Some time—when all Life's discipline is done,  
When jarring notes and tuneless voices cease;  
When broken threads are caught, and life's rude seam  
Is smoothed by kindly sorrow from all crease,  
When what we now call *Death*, we find is *Peace*,  
Then we may know.

That God's slow workings and *His* ways are sure;  
That the great riddles, Life and Death, unguessed  
Must stay until this taper's gleam is quenched—  
Content with its dim twilight we must rest,  
Then, the mists cleared, a sun shall light our quest,  
And we *shalt* know.

Halifax.

M. J. WEATHERBE.

## WINTER'S DAWN IN LOWER CANADA.

To each there lives some beauteous sight. Mine is to me  
most fair,  
I carry fadeless one clear dawn in keen December air;  
O'er leagues of plain from Night we fled, upon a pulsing  
train;  
For breath of morn, outside I stood. Then up a carmine  
stain  
Flushed calm and rich the long, low East, deep reddening  
till the Sun  
Eyed from its molten fires and shot strange arrows, one by  
one,  
On certain fields, and on a wood of distant evergreen  
And fairy opal blues and pinks on all the snows between!—  
(Broad earth had never such a flower as in my country  
grows  
When at the rising winter sun, the plain is all a rose.)—  
Then seemed all nymphs and gods awake—heaven bright-  
ened with their smiles;  
The land was theirs; like mirages, stood out Elysian isles.  
Westward the forests smiled in strength of glory like the  
plain,  
Their bare boughs rose, an arrowy flight, and by them sped  
the train.  
And dream-crown of that porcelain sea—those plains of  
sunrise snow—  
The green woods east, the grey woods west, and molten  
carmine glow—  
A light flashed through the sapling wastes and alders  
nearer by,  
Where Phæbus worked the spell of spells that ever charmed  
an eye,  
His bright spears to the frost-flakes reached that on their  
branches lay,  
And each shot back, as we sped by, a single peerless ray,  
More bright than starry hosts appeared that vision in the  
wood  
And flashed and flew like fireflies on a nightly solitude,  
A maze of silver stars, a dance of diamonds in the day!  
Through many lives though fly my soul as on that pulsing  
train,  
That sparkling dawn shall oftentime enkindle it again.

ALCHEMIST.

## POETS DEFY THE YEARS.

With two great poets publishing characteristic poems, the one in his seventy-seventh and the other in his eighty-first year, and the elder of the two publishing at least one poem, written but a few months ago, which would have been singled out at any period of his life as one of the most exquisite lyrics, it is at least impossible to say that the first effect of age is to destroy the creative power of the imagination. Indeed, it ought to have been impossible to say that, ever since Sophocles produced his last great trilogy, and, according to the tradition, read one of its most splendid choruses to his Judges, by way of proof that his mind had not been weakened by age. Indeed, there is hardly any intellectual power of the perfect survival of which in old age there is better evidence than the poetic.

Goethe wrote one of his most beautiful poems when he was in his seventy-fifth year; Victor Hugo some of his finest when he was far beyond seventy, and Milton his great epic when he was nearly sixty. No doubt the greater number of great poets have died before the last stage of life, like the greater number of other great men, so that we have nothing like the same means of judging exactly what the effect of old age is on the intellect of the exceptionally gifted that we have for judging what it is on the average mind.

Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Dante, Tasso, Spenser, Shakespeare, Molière, George Herbert, Collins, Thomson, Schiller, Goldsmith, Fielding, Burns, Scott, Shelley, Byron, Keats, none of them lived to reach old age, and we could easily add a host of others, as, indeed, it would be easy to do in every department of intellectual eminence. But so far as we have the means of judging, though it may be certainly said that old age slackens the rate at which men live in every way, physical and mental, there is no kind of reason to suppose that it slackens their mental powers so much as it slackens their physical powers. Tennyson has certainly produced very little that is more perfect than the poem on his own death, written, we believe, but a month or two ago, and the exquisite poem on Demeter and Persephone, which certainly cannot have been written long. And Browning's intellectual energy could hardly be better attested than by the general vigour of the volume published just before his own death.—*Spectator*.

## MARCH MUSINGS.

February, the last of the winter months, sobbed itself away in a wild, fretful mood. March took its place, true to the old proverbial saying, like a lion. All the forenoon the wind had its own way, tossing and swaying the trees—from the tall, slender birch, to the sturdy fir, and even the mighty oak had to yield obedience and bow its kingly head before the mighty blast.

"Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty, rushing Wind!"

Then away down the streets and narrow alleys shrieking with delight, it caught poor, frail humanity, whom it treated right roughly; giving all perpetual growlers something to growl about as they frantically ran after skurrying hats.

Three little children, whose chubby hands grasped their hats firmly to their heads, sat quietly watching the miniature waves of a lake. "No! No!" shrieked the wind, and forthwith three hats went floating away on the water and three piteous cries wailed forth their loss.

"Ho! Ho!" it shrieked again, as a portly dame clung to a post, calling loudly for help, which was re-echoed by another woman, who, enveloped in the folds of a mackintosh, was in imminent danger of being lifted off her feet. And so it played its pranks, while the heavy grey sky above gave no sign of what was coming. For lo! when noon came, a ray of light divided the sombre clouds. Broader and broader it grew, and once more the smiling face of the sun looked down upon the earth, which gladly welcomed it, after the dreary spell of greyness. Gradually the wind quieted down, save for an occasional puff, as though it were enjoying a quiet laugh to itself over some of its recent pranks.

As evening drew nigh, what a glorious sight met the eye towards the west. Across the deep, blue sky, some fleecy clouds had drifted, and, as the sun dipped low, it changed them into ones of golden hue, which, floating lightly over the floor of heaven, shot out into long banners of roseate hue, and then again into others of glowing orange against a background of richest purple.

"A flood of splendour bursts on high  
And ocean's breast gives back a sky  
All steeped in molten gold."

Where is the mortal hand that to cold canvas could convey the work of such a master hand? And then the lengthening shadows falling, sunset faded slowly away.

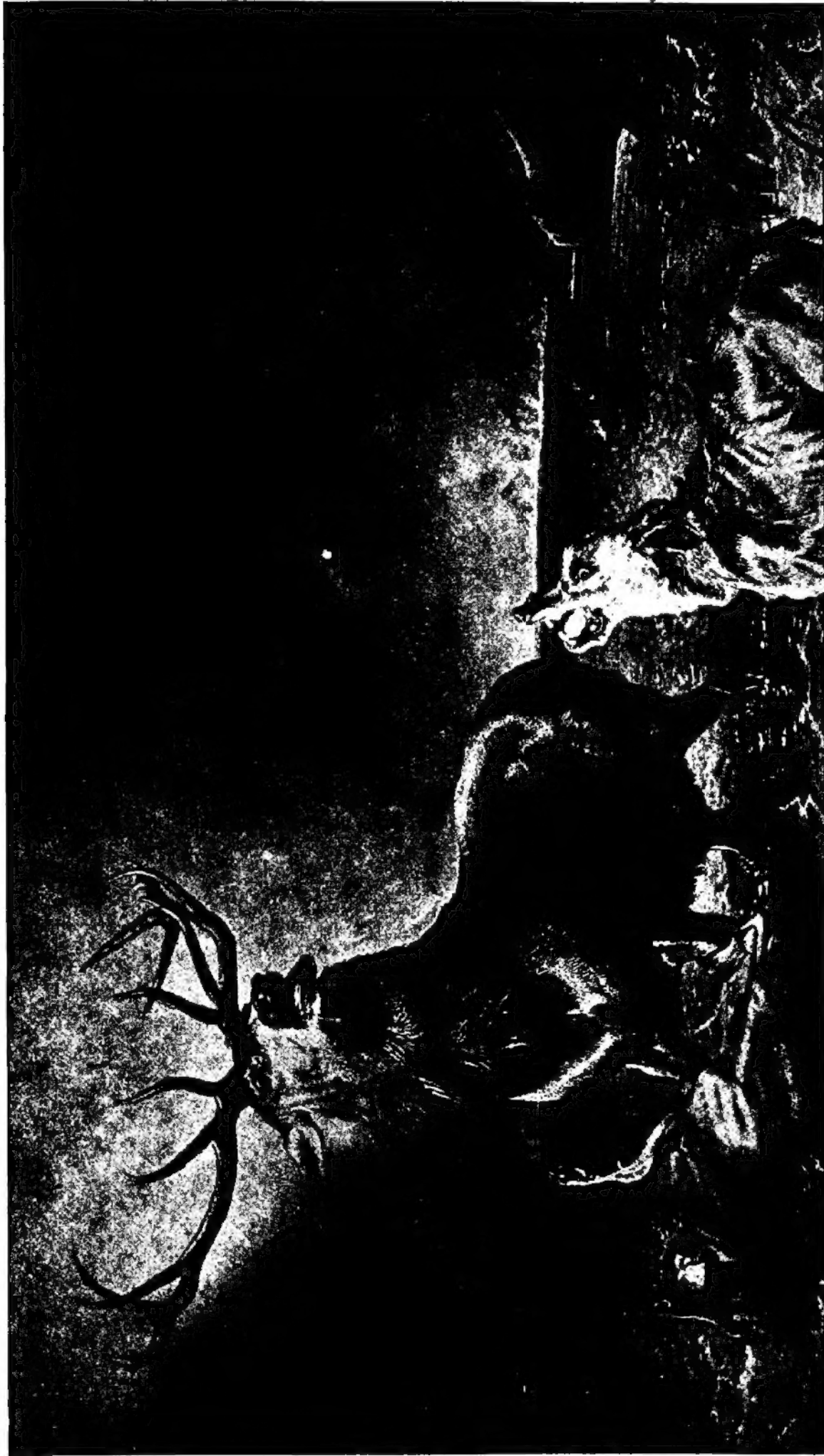
"Move eastward, happy earth, and leave  
You orange sunset wan and low:  
From fringes of the faded eve,  
(O, happy planet, eastward go:  
Till over thy dark shoulder glw  
Thy silver sister-world."

Though March still retains somewhat of the cold and storms of winter, yet the lengthening days and fast disappearing snow, the peculiar greenness of the balm of gilead, the buds of the willow showing fluffy white, and the increased brilliancy and warmth of the sun, tell that the time will soon be here, when once more nature will resume his sway and gladden all eyes with her loveliness. MORDUE.





VIEW LOOKING DOWN VALLEY RIVER, MAN., FROM TRAIL CROSSING.  
(J. B. Tyrrell, photo., of the Geological Survey.)



THE STAG AT BAY.

(By Landseer.)

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.





CHERRYFIELD, March 13th, 1890.

My Dear Editor "ILLUSTRATED":

Shield me, when you have discovered that my last sonnet has an unorthodox line (namely, the fifteenth), with other infractions of the canon law respecting the numerous species. There will never be wanting, in our day, wilful transgressors of that statute, with nothing better behind it than immemorial custom.

What became of the "Red and Blue Pencil"? Did it roll down and under the desk, and dust itself into the basket? Did it get behind the editor's ear, and so remain invisible? Or did Felix slip slyly into the sanctum and carry it off? He will yield it upon the promise that you will use it once a week; he has a hungry eye for such colours.

Would you like a short story from him; or, mayhap, a parable, since he has not furnished anything in that kind, as an all-round writer should be apt to do? He had a singular rencounter not long since, when he had gone for an evening walk, hoping to get from the hand of Nature's sweet apothecary a fresh bottle of ozone. Whom should he see, crossing the pasture-knolls, wherever their mossy nebs were stuck above the snow, but a solitary and beautiful maiden, tired and bedraggled, whose face showed the rose and the lily, and her dishevelled locks the thready gold. Noting her sylphid shape and airy movement, unlike any of our village maidens, he drew up and accosted her. "Gentle lady, may I bid you a good evening, and inquire whither you wander so far from our public ways, and why you are so strangely clad?" Fixing her eyes on him—eyes so full of light and wild beauty that he had never dreamed of such—she answered him, in accents wonderfully clear and musical: "I love the wilderness; it is my home. I steal harmlessly into quiet dwellings, wander over old battlefields, hover over the cataracts, leap with dancing maidens and haunt many places; but I build my house among green leaves. I am the Canadian muse, banished from my native country, and wandering down to the Acadian lands, to the shores that answer to my beloved hills and forests." "Why, dear lady," asked Felix, "have you left that youthful nation, just now in its spring, where, if ever, the native muse should be entertained?" "Alas!" she faltered, and the tears rushed to her eyes, "There has recently come from abroad a spirit called Scientific Criticism, that scorns me, and tells me I am inconsistent, and out of harmony with the time. I have been instructed that there is no need of me, and no place for me; that, indeed, my anomalous presence is not desired; that nothing distinctive exists in my character, and nothing heroic in my spirit. And what—I deemed they said—is this Canada, anyway, but an extension of England; and what do we presume to have to ourselves alone? There are no birds singing among these trees, no flowers blooming in our fields; but British bards have sung them better than can any fictitious native muse. Besides, we have of song a sufficiency; the bobolinks have long ago had their caroling season, now let them betake to the rice-swamps and feed themselves, while we who have leisure for such things re-awaken foregone melodies. So, henceforth, there is commended to me, on native ground, nothing save self-suppression, while that ground is being pre-empted in the interest of a certain canonised spirit of Epical Antiquity, and men are to be instructed to admire wisely, distrusting their own ability to produce worthy of admiration, rather devoting their paralytic energies to the payment of a well-earned meed due the elders. So, as I vanish from men whose words and deeds are hard and cold, I have fled my country, and seek the south, in hope of a blander, more cheery and open welcome."

Dear Editor, this lady whom you love is entertained at my home, and I am delighted with her.

For the present she will not leave me, hoping to propitiate the iron powers. But after a season, if you will remit a portion of her car-fare I will furnish the remainder, and she will return to you in good flesh, and with unimpaired beauty.

Trusting to hear from you upon this subject, I have the honour of being

Your obedient servant,

PASTOR FELIX.

#### SONNETS.

##### I.

##### WOLFE.

When Gray had completed the "Elegy," he sent a copy of it to his friend, General Wolfe, in America; and, the story goes, that as the great hero was sitting, wrapped in his military cloak, on board the barge which the sailors were rowing up the St. Lawrence, towards Quebec, he produced the poem and read it by the waning light of approaching evening, until he came to those lines, which he repeated aloud to his officers:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—

Then, pausing for a moment, he finished the stanza—"Acadia," by Frederic S. Cozens.

Wolfe was in one of the foremost boats, and while he was being rowed ashore he recited the celebrated poem, Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," saying, as he finished: "Gentlemen, I would rather have written these lines than take Quebec."—Thomas A. Marquis, in "Stories of New France."

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"  
Thrilled the low voice, in awed and rapt delight,  
Of him who drew to Stadacona's height;  
Fateful he rode on the reluctant wave.  
Saint Lawrence soft his ripply prow did lave,  
Songful consenting; while the falling eve  
Did with august and pastoral musing grieve  
How all must die—the timorous and the brave.  
List, our wan hero—o'er whose pensive brow  
Doom hung red laurels, waiting but the day—  
Sighing for honours of the cloistered bard!  
Sweet peace, and song, 'twere better these; we bow  
To fates decree. Thou, victor in affray!  
A nation's praiseful tears be thy reward.

##### II.

Love, and the harp—O would that these were mine,  
Friend, nested in those English vales, that I  
Shall see no more! Dear streams we wandered by—  
Careless companions in a dream divine.  
Than on yon steep supreme in arms to shine,  
With you to walk, were soother! Fancies vain!  
We not our path reverse, nor choose again.  
The *Anse de Foulon*\*—the embattled line—  
The lofty plain, red-reeking—the wild call  
And cry of battle—the obstreperous roar  
Of the dread onset—passion, pain and pride!  
Lo! there thy way! For thee, the stinging ball;  
The far, faint cheer, from earth's receding shore,  
The column'd stone: "HERE WOLFE VICTORIOUS DIED!"†

##### III.

##### A RESPONSE.

(Written after reading Dr. A. H. Chandler's "Songs of Immortality.")

O thou, who singest sweet the gliding years,  
And paint'st the seasons that so swiftly fly—  
So, linking Time to Immortality,  
Winning the rhythm and music of our tears  
Wherewith to chime thy sacramental verse,—  
Take my poor thanks, for some harmonious gift  
Shed on my meditative hour, to lift  
My thought through the unwithering universe  
To where He sits upon His circle high  
Presiding, who our narrow bound invades  
With life, and light and beauty,—still engirt  
By songful, radiant hosts, that never die;  
There see I, 'mid the whitely-luminous shades,  
Thee beauteous soul,—inspiring Poesy!  
Still lovely, and all lonely, as thou wert.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

\*The path by which he ascended the cliff.

†This is the inscription on the memorial column that marks the spot where he fell, Sept. 13, 1759.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—The Montreal Society of Canadian Literature is doing such gracious work for Canada, and I, with others, am so entirely in sympathy with its noble and patriotic aims that I almost shrink from giving expression to what may appear like criticism or disclaimer of any of its methods.

Believe me, it is only under the strong pressure of conviction that I am now constrained to do so.

In the reading of two of the papers, to which I was an interested and delighted listener, there was something to be regretted, viz. that in the first—that on "The Literary Movement in Canada up to 1841," undue prominence was given to the French element in our literature, to the comparative exclusion of the English; which, granted that it was, owing to the then condition of things, less predominant, was yet, I think, sufficiently so to be entitled to a larger share of recognition than it received, especially at the hands of an Anglo-

Canadian essayist, and before a society, the large majority of the members of which are Anglo-Canadian.

I say this in no narrow spirit.

Mr. James Fields, in his delightful work, "Yesterdays with Authors," quotes of Pope the words applied to him by Sainte Beuve:

"He had the characteristic sign of literary natures—the faithful worship of genius."

As Canadians of mixed ancestry, we must always mutually rejoice in each other's literary heritage; but, on the other hand, we must be careful not to make too little of whatever literary stock in trade we inherit from our English progenitors.

In the paper on Isabella Valency Crawford, there was no fault to be found in this direction. From the outset the subject was treated on purely Anglo-Canadian, or Canadian lines, and the essayist evinced throughout the keenest appreciation of the phenomenal powers of our dead singer.

This was as it should be. She has gone from among us now, and our laggard homage comes, alas! too late to touch her or redeem Canada from the reproach of bovine indifference while she lived; but we may lay our maple garlands upon her grave, and with bowed heads acknowledge her now as our crowned one, of whom we were not worthy.

To give, in the course of an essay limited to an hour's length, the whole poem of "Old Spooks' Pass," was, I think, a mistake, because it necessitated the omission of some of the writer's finest short poems, and of passages of rare beauty from others, which we could not afford to miss.

Also, it does not seem to me that because roses are, as we are told, not of much account in Madrid, the poem, "Roses in Madrid," which exhales their perfume and drops their melody, and diffuses around us their colour, as rarely, as affluently and almost as palpably as the flower itself, ought to be condemned as an anachronism.

Among the selections familiar to us through the "Songs of the Great Dominion," I was disappointed to miss "The Axe," every word of which will always "bite deep and wide" to Canadian hearts, and that incomparable lyric:

"O, love will build his lily walls."

Also one which, I daresay, will be new to many of your readers, and which I now ask you to republish.

It rang out like a clarion blast after the return of the volunteers in 1885, at the close of the North-West rebellion.

EROL GERVAISE.

LET THE WOMEN HAVE THEM FIRST.

A welcome! Oh yes, 'tis a kindly word, but why will ye plan and prate  
Of feasting and speeches, and such small things, while the wives and mothers wait.  
Plan as ye will, and do as ye will, but think of the hunger and thirst  
In the hearts that wait, and do as you will, but lend us our laddies first.  
Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks  
Who does not already bear on his breast the rose of a nation's thanks.

A welcome! Why, what do you mean by that! when the very stones must sing  
As our men march over them home again—the walls of the city ring  
With the thunder of throats and the tramp and the tread of feet that rush and run—  
I think in my heart that the very trees must shout for the bold work done.  
Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad who treads in the gallant ranks  
Who does not already bear on his breast the rose of a nation's thanks.

A welcome! There is not a babe at the breast won't spring at the roll of the drum  
That heralds them home—the keen long cry in the air of "They come! They come!"  
And what of it all if ye bade them wade knee deep in a wave of wine,  
And toss'd tall torches and arch'd the town in garlands of maple and pine?  
All dust in the wind of a woman's cry, as she snatches from the ranks  
Her boy, who bears on his brave young breast the rose of a nation's thanks.  
A welcome! There's doubt if the lad would stand like stone in their steady line  
When a babe held high in a dear wife's hand, or the stars that swim and shine



In a sweetheart's eyes, or a mother's smile flushed far in  
the welded crowd,  
Or a father's proud voice, half sob and half cheer, cried on  
a son aloud.  
O, the billows of waiting hearts that swell'd would sweep  
from the martial ranks  
The gallant boys who bear on their breasts the rose of a  
nation's thanks.

A welcome! O joy, can they stay your feet or measure  
the wine of your bliss?  
O joy, let them leave you alone to-day—a day with a pulse  
like this!  
A welcome! Yes, 'tis a tender thought, a green laurel  
that laps the sword;  
But joy has the wing of a wild white swan and the song of  
a free, wild bird.  
She must beat the air with her wing at will—at will must  
her song be driven  
From her heaving heart and tremulous throat thro' the  
awful arch of Heaven,  
And what would ye have? There isn't a lad will burst  
from the shouting ranks,  
But bears like a star on his faded coat the rose of a nation's  
thanks.

ISABELLA VALENCY CRAWFORD.

## WHAT PEOPLE READ.

No doubt sensational novels are as a rule very poor stuff, especially those which are known in the trade as "shilling shockers." But however crude in style and loose in grammar they may be, they are generally quite harmless, and they meet the needs of a large number of people for whom it is unquestionably better to read exciting stories than to do what they would be doing if they were not reading. I find that no fewer than 346,000 copies of the "Mysteries of a Hansom Cab" have been sold in this country in the course of the last eighteen months, and 147,000 copies of "Madame Midas," another book of the same class and by the same author, in a twelvemonth; and the company which publishes them has, in the course of one year and a quarter, sold nearly 600,000 of these and other similar books, of which about one-third were disposed of by Messrs. Smith & Son.

Scarcely less remarkable are the statistics made public not long since at Bristol, from which it appears that some 350,000 copies of "Called Back" have been sold, and that upward of a million shilling volumes of the kind have been issued during the last four or five years. When we reflect that the population of the United Kingdom is not much more than 35,000,000, the proportion of readers represented by the figures I have given is sufficiently astonishing. And, therefore, because it interests the people who, for reasons already discussed, have no taste for choicer fare, and because it has at least some claim to our gratitude in so far as it has displaced low-class periodicals, I am disposed, so long as I am not required to read it, to support the "shilling shocker," which is certainly to be preferred to the "penny dreadful."—*The Fortnightly Review*.

## A DEER A FOOT LONG.

The ordinary notion of a deer is probably of an animal of considerable bulk, but this group of mammals, like many others, includes representatives of most varied sizes. One of the very smallest members of the group—a little creature not much more than a foot in length—is at present to be seen in the Marsupial House (which, by the way, shelters almost fewer "marsupials" than anything else.) It is known as Stanley's Chevretain, and was named by Dr. Gray after Lord Derby (grandfather of the present Earl), who owned a magnificent menagerie. Apart from its cloven hoofs, this animal looks less like a deer than a small rodent or even marsupial; it never possesses horns, and the male has a pair of very long curved canine teeth in the upper jaw, which may perhaps be used for fighting. A much more remarkable use has been assigned to these extraordinarily developed teeth; it has been said that the deer when too hotly pursued springs into a tree and remains suspended by its teeth until the pursuers have passed by. This is, however, one of those statements which hardly seem to need refutation.—*London Daily News*.

## A GOOD STORY.

Louis XIV. of France had in court a nobleman known to be inordinately anxious for distinction. One day the king asked him if he understood the Spanish language. "No, sire," was the answer. "That is unfortunate," said the king. The nobleman at once conjectured that the king wished to make him ambassador to Madrid, and, employing a teacher, he forthwith applied himself day and night to acquiring the language. At last, pale and exhausted, but with a satisfied, expectant look upon his face, he came to the king with the announcement. "Sire, I can now speak Spanish." "Do you understand it well enough to converse intelligently with a Spaniard?" "Yes, sire," the man answered, his heart beating high in anticipation. "I wish you joy," said the king, "now you can read Don Quixote in the original."

## "The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

BY MAY AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER II.

"And on a Friday, too, Lord pity her!"

The train was travelling at great speed, making the fence posts follow one another with dazzling rapidity.

Agnes Power was mechanically counting them as she gazed out of the car window, her thoughts far away with the mother she had that morning bid good-bye to, and again with the father who slept far off in a quiet country church yard. His loss seemed nearer to her this day. It had meant so much to her, not merely the loss of father, but companion and friend—the safeguard between herself and the world with its cruel hurts. His death had been not only the loss of love, but the loss of means; and so it was she sped to-day on her way to be Mrs. Melville's companion. People have misconceived ideas about poverty. Those who have ample means with which to meet life's demands, feel confident they could manage if they had not! In fact pity is seldom poured upon those who suffer from this moral cramp, for poverty is moral cramp. Some simple souls submit unresistingly to all its evils; while others, seemingly submissive, eat their souls out in a vain longing for a freer, larger life. It remains but to the few to fight against this hereditary taint and overcome the disease,—for poverty is a disease, and one which, when hereditary, is almost hopelessly incurable; a disease which creeps on and on, dulling hope, deadening dear desires, impoverishing every project of the mind, until the afflicted ones leave this vain world we all love so much, and are like their gilded brethren—forgotten dust.

People in poverty are subject to much severe criticism. If, by dint of good taste and management, they appear in garments which hold their own (in all but pocket) against those donned by fortune's favourites, they are counted extravagant; if, on the other hand, they are brought to such a low ebb as to lose all interest in their appearance, they are immediately termed slovenly.

Agnes Power possessed to a large degree that air which is supposed by right alone to belong only to those who are positive possessors of

"The gold that gilds (even) the forehead of the fool."

Anyone viewing her in the train that day would have felt instinctively that she was what the world calls "well off." Her dress was black, of course, and it fitted her figure very severely. The severe style suited her. She was in truth not over five feet six, but she carried herself so as to seem taller; even in repose there was an air of suppressed action about her, a vigour about the squarely cut shoulders and the set of her head. Her hair was distinctly golden, not that sickly yellow which comes from the chemists (cosmetics), but the golden hair which nature alone gives, with gleams of red and brown in it. There was a peculiarity, too, about this hair—waving back from the left temple was a band of pure white. Her eyes were dark blue and deeply set, with that frank and trustful look which deeply set eyes have habitually. When she smiled, and she was rather given to smiling, she displayed even, strong and very white teeth, but it was the chin which was her chief beauty. Not round enough to denote weakness, not square enough to be cruel, it displayed strength of character, and was a joy to contemplate. An Englishman describing her would have said she looked "clear," a horsey man would have applied to her the epithet "well groomed," but to my eye she was fresh and fair to look upon and showed she had capabilities of even looking beautiful.

Now the frank eyes were masked with misery. A feeling of keen loneliness came over her—she felt so thoroughly alone. It seemed to her as though God's gift of individual life became less of a gift now that she was forced away from home and dear ones. A bitterness rose and almost overcame the loneliness. What had she done to merit this misery? She had had a beautiful childhood. She was grateful to God for that; but she wanted a blessed womanhood to crown that good. At the end of the car a party of three attracted her attention—a young married couple and their child. It was a pretty picture of conjugal felicity. The fond mother! the proud father! and the sweet unconscious babe. They were so entirely taken up with each other—these two. Their world went with them. Somehow the sight of their happiness made Agnes Power the sadder, not that she would have had their joy less, but she thought that her happiness should equal theirs.

A young girl and two attendant cavaliers were to her right. The girl was small and dark and pretty, and the two men with her seemed to vie with one another as to which would do the most for her. One had packed her numerous parcels into the rack above; the other had opened the window and placed his coat as a cushion for her to lean against in the corner; while number one had brought to light a book, which he, smiling, gave into her eager hands. Then number two had, with a superior smile, unwound the many wrappings of a square parcel he bore, and triumphantly displayed to view a box of chocolate creams. The girl had been profuse in her thanks and eaten of them with apparent enjoyment; but all the while one hand had closely held the book, and somehow Agnes felt that number one had done "wisely and well."

When Agnes Power emerged from the car the day still lingered. She was thankful for this. The greyness was bad enough, with all their unfamiliar forms and faces about, and night would have been doubly bad. She cast

searching glances along the crowded platform. Not a familiar figure, not a friendly face! She caught her courage in both hands and waylaid a burly bus driver.

"Is there a carriage here from Mrs. Melville?"

"Mrs. Melville! What Mrs. Melville? Mrs. Mat, I reckon. No. Her horses don't acome to the station for nobody. If you wish to get to her you had best get right along into one of them carriages adown there."

But when Agnes had got "adown there" every vehicle but one had made off, and this one appeared inaccessible, so close and dark its fastenings. Just then it began to sprinkle with rain and the driver came running along the platform.

"Jump right in; there's plenty of room," he called, and then the door was thrown open. Agnes Power hesitated for a moment. It held four persons already—two men, a woman and a boy; and the mixed perfume of bad tobacco and garlic from within turned her sick and faint. But there was no help for it. So in she scrambled, accepting the grimy hand held out to her assistance, squeezed herself into a corner, while the door slammed too, and then resigned herself to the delights of semi-asphyxia.

"Was it far," she asked, "to Mrs. Melville's?"

"That depended upon which Mrs. Melville she meant," the woman answered. "Mrs. Mat lived some way from the station; was she going to stay with 'Mrs. Mat'?"

Agnes gave a feeble assent. By this time she felt confident that her Mrs. Melville must be "Mrs. Mat."

When the vehicle stopped and the door was opened, Agnes' first feeling was one of pleasure. The shower was over and the air full of those delicious and delicate odours the rain brings out, and the large, grey, green-vined house, before which they had stopped, lay bathed in the glory of the setting sun's light, while at the gate a child stood waiting to receive her.

"I suppose this is Rosie?"

Agnes Power took the little thin hand into both of hers, feeling drawn to the child by means of her wan, pale face.

"Yes: I'm Rosie. Are you very tired after your journey, Miss Power?"

"Not in the least bit."

Agnes had a preconceived idea that a companion should never be tired, so made a brave beginning.

By this time they were in the porch. The hall door opened, and a little, smiling woman appeared. She advanced timidly, and spoke in pretty, tripping tones: "Welcome, Miss Power."

She put up her face to kiss her, and Agnes Power stooped her cheek to hers. The burden seemed somewhat lifted; she had been dreading the dentist's chair, and lo! there was nothing to dread.

"You are to feel just as though you were my daughter," said Mrs. Melville. "You are to do whatever you like, and feel you are at home."

The sun sank just then, and so Agnes Power's room was in shade when she entered it, and the shade seemed to have settled also on her soul. She did not hear Bridget muttering, as she dragged her box upstairs:

"And on a Friday, too; Lord pity her!"

## CHAPTER III.

"She is such a gentle little thing."

Just three weeks had Agnes Power been established at the Grey House. She was no longer a stranger; she knew where all the cupboards and boxes were, where the china was kept, the silver locked away, the linen to be used and the linen to be laid by for "company." She knew she had to be dressed at seven, so that Rosie should not have to wait for her breakfast, and that breakfast came at nine. She had not received one unkind word; then wherefore this sensation of restraint on every side? why could she not even walk down the garden path without feeling the string compelling her back to the house? why should she fear to give forth any opinion contrary to pretty, smiling, quiet little Mrs. Mat Melville's? She was beginning to understand it now—Bridget's rebellious air, Simon Chunks' subdued tones, Rosie's wrinkles. She understood it, but yet she could not, if she would, explain what it was she understood!

One of the first things explained to Agnes was that no gentlemen were admitted to the sanctity of the Grey House. There was no man fit to be known in the place! Mrs. Mat Melville crossed her hands in her lap—wonderfully pretty hands they were, too, and loaded with exquisite rings.

"I assure you, Miss Power, I am positively disgusted with all the gentlemen here, I have been told they actually don't care to go out unless sure of champagne."

"I don't care for men at all," said Agnes Power, wearily—as she spoke it really seemed to her that she did not. She cared for nothing but a little home full of kindness and love many a mile away. A vague feeling of wonderment came over her, why should Mrs. Mat have married, holding men in such abhorrence? or was this abhorrence the outcome of that married life? She looked at the deceased Mat's photograph with increased interest at the next day's dusting. It was a stern face. It is a good thing for a man's face to be stern in outline, but there should be somewhere a tell-tale mark of softness to show the heart lying beneath; but here there was none to be found, look long as you would.

"I dare say he led her a life of it," thought Agnes, re-adjusting it in the frame. "She is such a gentle little thing."

(To be continued.)



We admit that the Récamier preparations are all the vogue; that Adelina Patti, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. James Brown-Potter, Mme. Modjeska, Sara Bernhardt, Clara Louise Kellogg and many other such experienced ladies have abandoned all other preparations and only use Récamiers, because we have seen letters to Mrs. Ayer from them declaring such to be the fact. But it must be borne in mind that they are not strictly cosmetics, such as are referred to above, because Mrs. Ayer has given her word of honour that they contain neither lead, bismuth nor arsenic, and she publishes a certificate from Prof. Stillman, of Stevens Institute, that they contain nothing but that which is allowed by the French Pharmacopœes. There can be no doubt that a woman whose face is tanned, sunburnt, full of pimples, those disgusting blackheads or other imperfections which are caused by our mode of life and the exposures to which we are subjected, must certainly be more or less repulsive, if not absolutely disgusting.

A woman who permits her complexion—her most important feature—to indicate uncleanness must expect such results. The most ignorant and even deformed woman in the world is attractive to men if she has a beautiful complexion and looks tidy, and the only articles so far discovered and which are used by every woman of fashion are the Récamier Preparations.

### What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Récamier Cream, which is the first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAIN NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH NOR ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

**THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,**  
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

**PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,**  
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Récamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington Street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Récamier Cream, \$1.50; Récamier Balm, \$1.50; Récamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Récamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Récamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

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122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

### HOW FAME IS WON.

When the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps was a student at Newhaven, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, according to his usual habit, began the discussion of an abstruse problem. As he went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps's mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last his attention was recalled by his companion's remark: "Which, you see, gives us 'x'?" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in common politeness he ought to say something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over his work. There had indeed been a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps; you are right!" he shouted. "It doesn't give us 'x'—it gives us 'y.'" From that hour he looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor napping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It is the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."



THE OLD WINDMILL, LACHINE.

(Henderson, photo.)

### HUMOUROUS.

PERHAPS IT HAD ONLY GONE ASTRAY.—"I declaiiah," said Gus de Jay, in a discololate tone, "I had an idea just now, and it has completely left my bwain, you know." "Maybe not," said his friend. "Possibly it got to roaming around your head and lost itself."

It is whispered that men will carry parasols during the coming seasons. It is ordinarily difficult to fathom the decrees of fashion, but the reason for this particular decree is not hard to seek. It is to furnish men with a protection from the amateur photographer with his snap-camera.

THE ARTLESS CHILD.—Mamie (six years old to lady caller): Mamma said to ask you to sit down a few moments, and she would be right in. It isn't raining, is it? Lady Caller: Why no, Mamie. Why did you think it was? Mamie: Because, when mamma saw you coming, she said, "it never rains but it pours."

LOST INFORMATION.—Mrs. Quicklyrich: Oh, you ought to have heard Prof. Bookworm's lecture on "Extinct Birds" last night! What he said about the dodo was simply wonderful. Mrs. Parevenu: Dear me!—how unfortunate to have missed it—especially as we are to have a dodo painted on our dining-room this week.

SHE COULDN'T WALK THAT WAY.—There is a floor walker in one of the large dry goods stores in this city whose great toes point towards each other in the most friendly manner. "What will you have, madam," said he to an Irish woman, who was looking hopelessly around. "Calico." "Walk this way." "Walk that way, is it!" Sure I'd have ye know, sur, that my legs is not built that way, sur, and I couldn't walk that way if you'd give me the whole sture, sur.

CITY BELLE: "I hope your stay in our city will not be short, Mr. De Science." Mr. De Science (member of the Ornithologists' Union): "Thank you but my sojourn must be brief. I am here attending the Ornithological Convention at the museum of Natural History; and the session will soon be over." "What kind of a convention did you say?" "Ornithological,—about birds, you know."

"Oh, yes, yes. How stupid of me! Do you think they will be worn much next season?"

VALUABLE INFORMATION.—For the third time little Tommy Fig had asked his father what was the cause of the desert of Sahara. Finally the old man laid down his paper and answered: "I reckon it was formed when the Israelites lost their sand. And if you don't quit asking me so many questions, I'll see that your mother puts you to bed before I get home hereafter." "But, paw, how can you see her put me to bed if she puts me to bed before you get home?" And that question was Tommy's last—for that evening."

### TRIFLING.

Many a haggling highway board has talked for days and spent thousands of pounds over a few yards of land; and there is a tradition that the Convocation of Canterbury once debated for three-quarters of an hour whether a semi-colon should not be substituted for a comma in a document which was under consideration—a subtle distinction which, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, would not in the least affect the sense. The collective wisdom of the House of Lords, too, was once bent for some little time to the task of discovering a definition of the word "Archbishop." Rest of all, however, is the following piece of solemn trifling, which is actually to be found in one of the volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society of London: "Procure an earthen pot or jar that will come on upon your head so as to cover it completely; cut two holes in it for the advantage of seeing; and then, fastening it about your neck with a bandage, take off your clothes and walk into the river where the (wild) ducks are. Take care to enter above them in the stream, and to stalk down in such a manner that only your head, thus covered with the pot, be above water, as if carried by the current and they will only take the jar for something floating on the water. When you are among the thickest of them, take one by the legs and pull it under water, then seize upon another in the same manner, and so on till you have taken the whole covey, and then march out again."

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### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

#### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

#### DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

#### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

#### A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under the control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.